THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser

Copyright, 1942, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original, or in Translation Is Expressly Forbidden.

Week of February 22, 1942

BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS

In Spite of the Fact That 43 of the 100 Men Had Been Heavy Drinkers for Years, the Chicago Doctors Found That They Had Practically Normal Stomachs.

Is Alcohol Really Bad For The Stomach?

A PERSON can drink as much as six pints of liquor a day—every day for 10 years or more—and still boast a stomach that is as good, if not better, than the next man's.

That is the conclusion of two Chicago physicians, Doctors Seymour Gray and Rudolf Schindler, after making tests of 100 chronic alcoholics—men whose average consumption over 20 years was 2.8 pints a day.

The doctors found that 55 per cent of the men had stomachs "indistinguishable from that of a normal healthy 20-year-old," and the other 45 per cent, although they had some stomach disturbances, still had their stomach walls good enough for use.

Although their findings showed that you can consume gallons of alcohol and still have a sound stomach, the two doctors in making their report emphasized that they do not deny that alcohol can and does play a part in stomach disorders.

The question of the effect of alcohol on the stomach has been one that has long been debated by the medical world. There are two schools of thought among physicians—one ready to blame stomach trouble on alcohol, the other finding that it does not play an important part.

The medical dispute goes back to 1833 when Dr. William Beaumont published his findings on stomach conditions following alcoholic debauches. Since that day, hundreds of scientists in all parts of the world have conducted tests which have produced varied conclusions.

After the earliest physicians had emphasized alcohol as among the main causes of chronic stomach trouble, the injurious effect of alcohol on the stomach was accepted for many years so completely that the term gastritis almost implied alcoholic history.

In the early 1900's, evidence began to appear, showing that alcohol does not always make for a bad stomach. It was found that many of the early animal experiments, on which the stomach trouble theory was built, could not be accepted as correct because the alcohol given to the animal was of a higher concentration than that imbibed by humans.

In 1935, two Philadelphia physicians, Doctors G. B. Eusterman and D. C. Balfour, reported after lengthy research that the subject of alcohol's effect on the stomach could not be discussed "with any degree of assurance."

The latest Chicago survey marks the first time that a thorough study has been made of the effect of alcohol on the human stomach. The majority of previous experiments have been confined to animals.

The 100 men tested by Doctors Gray and Schindler varied in age from 24 to 66, with 23 under 33 years, 45 between 35 and 50, and 32 between 59 and 66. The group had been drinking steadily anywhere between three and 52 years, with an average of a little over 21 years. Several had begun to drink heavily when they were as young as 12 and 14 years of age.

The men drank literally everything from good liquor, beer, and wine to radiator alcohol and mule antiseptic. The majority had consumed cheap "moonshine," and "white smoke." Many were "canned heat" addicts—a drink containing 94 per cent denatured alcohol and four per cent cellulose nitrate. Some of the men reported drinking rubbing alcohol, bay rum, shaving lotion, hair tonic, vanilla extract, and shoe polish, in all of which the alcohol content varies from 10 to 50 per cent.

While the average daily alcohol consumption was 2.8 pints, about 53 men drank from two to six pints daily, and 44 drank one to two pints daily for more than 20 years. Three of the men in the group were beer drinkers, reporting that they had consumed from three to five gallons of beer every day for 10 to 25 years.

Despite their tremendous alcohol intake, examinations showed that 43 of the men had stomachs that were entirely normal, without any inflammation or other sign to distinguish them from a healthy stomach. Of these 43, many had been drinking from three to six pints daily for 20 to 40 years, and one had drunk five to six gallons of beer daily for 10 years.

In an additional 12 cases, the stomach was found to be essentially normal, with just a few spots. In the 45 cases where there was stomach trouble, 30 of these showed an inflammation of the stomach, the other remaining 15 showing more severe disturbances.

These stomach disorders, it was admitted, might be traceable to other causes. Most of the men examined had poor diets—too little fresh fruits, vegetables, milk and butter. They all ate a lot of bread, small amounts of meat, an occasional egg and large quantities of coffee. Most of them had vitamin deficiencies and all had bad teeth.

The two doctors reported that they were unable to learn why the drinking of alcohol is accompanied by severe gastritis in some cases and not in others. The difference was not due to diet for there was no appreciable difference between the diets of men who suffered from gastritis and those who did not.

Although all of their deductions were not conclusive, the two scientists contended that their survey did show that the majority of persons can drink gallons of alcohol and still sport a stomach as good and sometimes better than the next man's.

Slavers Still Robbing Africa of 5000 Men A Year

MOST of us think that slavery went out with our own Civil War but the day of the slaver, so it appears is not yet gone. No longer worldwide, the business of buying and selling human beings is still a profitable one, particularly in the African interior. While the major African colonial powers are concentrating on a war that almost daily adds another battle front, few men are left to suppress this age old curse which, since the war has come to Africa, has increased on the Dark Continent by leaps and bounds.

In the days of dynastic Egypt and for centuries afterward, Libya supplied the bulk of both slaves and slavers. Now, with the French, German, Italian and British soldiers busy fighting all over the place, the wild southern and interior tribes, who have never entirely deserted their hereditary profession, are today going at it hammer and tongs in Libya, Lower Algeria, French Chad, Niger, Ubangi-Shari and similar places.

According to Mr. William Tyman, ivory and hide trader, who makes his headquarters at Bingerville, on the Ivory coast, and who has been doing business in Central Africa since 1911, there are at present about 105,000 slaves in Algeria, Niger, Chad, Libya, Cameroon and Ubangi-Shari alone. At least 10,000 new slaves have been bought and sold during the last two years, a record since the olden days. The prosperous native lordlings of the Lower Algeria and the more powerful native chieftains of the Belgian Congo, and other places are always seeking additional slaves and until 1939 the supply has usually been far below the demand.

The Modern Slave Traders Are Too Smart to Abuse Their Chattels on the Way to Market Because They Know That They Can't Get a Good Price for Sick and Whip-Scarred Captives.

Slaves are rarely sold anywhere near their homes. Natives taken from Ubangi-Shari generally end up in Algeria, 1,500 miles north. Cameroon natives are sold in Libya or Chad. The North Nigers find masters in the Cameroon villages, a thousand miles from their birthplace.

There is, oddly enough, little raiding for slaves. The white man's laws are too severe and his agents too good at catching the culprits for it to be tried often. The bulk of the slave population comes from inland tribes that have been hit by famine and who, in exchange for a quantity of food that will tide them over for a few months, agree to sell off a son or daughter.

Other slaves are the native troublemakers whom their chief and community members are pleased to see the last of. The African native cannot afford to build prisons to house his criminals, nor can he afford to feed them so he sells them, instead. Like the male criminals, women who are guilty of adultery or idleness—the greater of these two crimes—are also sold into slavery. Children who disobey their parents often suffer the same fate in Equatorial parts of Africa.

A large portion of the slaves are themselves the descendants of slaves and they grow up to expect nothing better of life than constant service and an occasional change of masters. Others are the wilful who traveled too far from the tribe's grounds and were captured. Strangers are almost always held prisoner by other tribes to be sold to the traders.

Many African peoples expose to the elements newborn babes that don't look as though they will grow up to be very strong. Anyone who picks up such a waif and cares for it, owns its services for the rest of its life. Grown-ups who become very ill and troublesome, are sometimes deserted and those who bother to nurse them back to health automatically become their owners. Rescuing a person from death or serious injury is another way to acquire a slave-servant.

A few of the slave population were originally captured in local wars, made serfs of at once, and later traded for others from more distant parts who are less apt to try to escape.

Only a very small percentage of the present-day slaves were captured by the more lawless traders who, armed with the most modern guns, suddenly descend on tiny villages and carry off every able-bodied man, woman and child. The most notorious of these slavers was Umpano, a Congo native, who was supposed to have been killed in a fight with white authorities in 1932. Present rumors say that he is still alive and in the last two years has taken more than 1,000 slaves out of the Cameroons for re-sale in Libya.

Mr. Tyman says that the modern African slave owners, whether primitive chieftain or semi-cultured Algerian desert noble, is much too smart to abuse his human chattels. He treats them well and kindly and is rewarded by better, faster and more efficient service. The well-treated slave also lives longer. The modern traders don't abuse their human cargoes, either, on the long line of march. An ill-fed, whip scarred slave will fetch a small price compared to an unmarked and well-treated one capable of plenty of work.

Slave prices vary with the locality as well as the captive's ability. In some parts of the Cameroons a native in his prime used to be worth but $8 and even today he rarely sells for more than $60, which is also the price of the choicest slave girls offered as concubines. Less valuable slaves sometimes fetch only $45.

But in Algeria, the story is different for there a male slave may be worth as much as $200 and a beautiful, light-skinned woman even $300. Ordinary female workers, not considered for the harem but still subject to it, sell for around $100. The owners of ordinary male workers usually get about $140 for them.

Traveling south from mid-Desert Algeria to the Cameroons one finds slave prices growing less as the miles add up. Traveling inland from either coast prices again recede, but from the Cameroons southward to Rhodesia prices start to go up again.

Some owners will permit their slaves free hours during which they may work for others for pay that they are free to keep. Some owners, however, pocket this money because they bought their slave to give them just this kind of income. Occasionally a slave, working for money he can keep, saves enough to buy his freedom. But of course he must pay back his owner twice as much as he originally cost. This quaint custom is supposed to make him work all the harder.

The Modern Pied Piper Says That Rats Have Surprising Intelligence and That the Male of the Species Will Always Try to Rescue a Trapped Female.

How A Modern Pied Piper Gets Rid Of Rats

THE Pied Piper of Hamelin with his magic flute was a piker at rat-killing compared with J. E. Gerry of Buffalo, New York. While the mythical rodent-remover of Hamelin Town rounded up the rats and led them to their watery doom with weird, enticing music, Gerry indulges in no such *nonsense*. His technique is modern and streamlined.

Gerry, who is regarded as the nation's crack rat exterminator, travels all over the United States, telling granary owners, farmers, warehousemen and shopkeepers how to get rid of the pests. By studying the life habits of rats, Gerry has been able to devise a score of ways to kill them off by the hundreds of thousands.

This modern Pied Piper regards his exterminating work as highly important, for, as he *points* out, "the rat is responsible for more untimely deaths among human beings than all the wars in history." The rodent carries the dread bubonic plague and dozens of other diseases. Besides being a menace to human life, the property it destroys in this country is valued by the United States Government at $200,000,000 annually.

Gerry, studying rodent life, discovered that rats have a "language" of their own.

"I have seen them stand up and talk to each other with signs," he says. "The female is the leader of the group. If she is caught in a trap the males will try to rescue her but she will not try to rescue the *males* under the same circumstances. I have learned a lot about rats by placing a female in a trap. She will soon be surrounded by rats trying to get her out."

What amazes Gerry most about rats is their strength. The amount of food a colony of rats will carry away and store for future use is almost unbelievable. In Gloucester, Massachusetts, he reported finding a five-pound can of beef that had been carried from a kitchen to the attic of the same house and hidden under the eaves. At Fort Wayne, Indiana, Gerry found where rats had burrowed through a 16-inch cement wall to reach food on the other side. A close examination of the hole showed it could not have been bored more efficiently with a steel drill.

One of the oddest traits of rats, in Gerry's opinion, is the way they disinherit their young if the offspring wander too far away from their nest. Gerry has observed that if the young rats are gone for more than an hour, the elders will drive them off when they seek to return. The brown rat, he reported, breeds six to ten times a year, and produces an average of 10 young to a litter. Young females breed when only three or four months old. At this rate a pair of rats could, at the end of three years, have produced 359,709,482 young.

"Rats have even found a means of supplying themselves with fresh meat," Gerry recounted. "In a granary, which of course is infested with mice as well as rats, the rats have been known to keep these mice imprisoned and bring them green food to eat. The mice could get plenty of grain and with this added green stuff they produced bigger and fatter young mice and the rats apparently know it. In the Winter, when other rations are scarce, the rats then feed on these fat mice."

The rat, in Gerry's opinion, hasn't a single redeeming feature. His dark deeds are plotted in dark corners and carried out mostly in dark places. He isn't satisfied with getting enough to eat for, when he has all he wants, he will destroy the rest just for the fun of it. And because of his fondness for lurking about sewers and other filthy spots, the rat is a carrier of typhoid fever and other diseases.

One pair of rats, and their rapidly multiplying offspring, can do an amazing amount of damage in a year. According to the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, rats annually destroy as much food as 200,000 farmers can produce.

Despite their destructiveness, and all their undesirable features, rats seem to have strong family affections. To illustrate this point, Gerry explained that recently, while exterminating in a storehouse in Fort Wayne, Indiana, he came upon a pair of rats lying dead, a male and a female. In a semi-circle around them were grouped their little ones, also dead, but lying in the same attitude, one of abject despair, as if they had actually grieved to death over the loss of their parents.

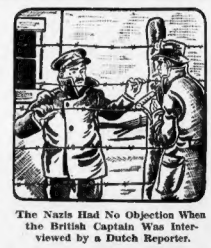
There are scores of ways to exterminate rats, but the use of red squill poison is considered the most effective, Gerry, and other exterminating experts, are not so deluded that they believe cheese is the best kind of bait. Tests show that rats prefer hamburg steak, peanut butter, bananas, sweet chocolate or raw eggs.

Recently, Massachusetts farmers devised a simple but clever trick for killing rats. They filled steel barrels to within one foot of the top with grain. Then, they obligingly put a plank up against the side of the barrel to make it easy for the rats to get a square meal.

After a few days, the rats, followed by scores of their henchmen, became so brave that when they made their nightly foray, they ran right up the board and plunged into the vat. About the third day, the farmers scooped out the grain and filled the barrels with water that had just a bit of floating mash on top. The rats who came to dine stayed to drown.

One Prisoner Of War Who Outsmarted The Nazis

FOR months, Captain Albert Ford, British prisoner of war, was in a hospital in German-occupied Rotterdam. Injured by shrapnel from an exploding shell, he was the sole survivor of the crew of a mine-sweeper sent to the bottom of the English Channel by the guns of a prowling German destroyer.



The Nazis Had No Objection When the British Captain Was Interviewed by a Dutch Reporter.

Captain Ford tried to send word to his family in Grimsby to let them know he was safe but the Nazi occupational authorities refused to help him. Dutch nurses and doctors were sympathetic, but there was nothing they could do.

Month after month rolled by and his every effort was blocked. The captain was despondent. Then one day a reporter from the newspaper Rotterdammer called at the hospital, seeking an interview with the skipper. Ford begged the newspaperman to slip out word.

The reporter, terrified by the strict German regulations, refused.

He said regulations even prevented his mentioning the captain's name in the interview. Then Ford got an idea. He asked his interviewer to mention an anecdote about his daughter Margaret, a little girl whom he couldn't take to the Grimsby Church because she always insisted on singing popular songs instead of hymns. The reporter saw no objection and he did.

To the captain, the printing of his daughter's first name with the town of Grimsby in the Dutch newspaper marked his first hope of getting word to his family. The paper, he knew, even in war-time, reached all parts of the world. If a copy only fell into the hands of fellow-seamen from Grimsby, they might trace it to him because of the story of little Margaret. It was a million-to-one chance.

Dame Fortune favored the captain. Although that particular issue did not fall into the hands of acquaintances, a copy did reach Andrew S. Anema, a Denver, Colorado, garage worker. He saw the interview with the unnamed captain and sensed that behind it there was a message. So he wrote to the mayor of Grimsby, enclosing the interview and with that thread of information, the mayor located Captain Ford's family.

Just the other day, Amena received a grateful letter from the overjoyed Mrs. Ford who said that she had gotten in touch with her husband, now in a prison camp, through the International Red Cross.

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Crystal the Stripteaser Nearly Froze in Her Bridegroom's Mansion

When He Introduced Her to His Aristocratic Family, the Temperature Was Lower Than You'd Guess from His Name, Which Is Thaw, but, She Now Tells the Court in Asking for an Annulment, She Warmed Up Plenty When She Found He Had Another Wife

Crystal Ames, Burlesque Stripteaser, Who Is Exposing Herself in the Theater While She Seeks to Expose Mr. Thaw in Court.

"I MAY pose as an exponent of flaming youth," says Crystal Ames, celebrated burlesque stripteaser, "but my body is not on fire. It smoulders only."

She seems to consider this an advantage in her art, but it didn't serve her so well during her recent matrimonial adventure with aristocratic William Harper Thaw, of Philadelphia. While that was going on, she needed all the heat she could generate, because the critical temperature of the Thaw family was a good deal lower than that of the audiences she was used to.

In fact, she thinks they might better be called Freeze than Thaw.

Stripteasers, of course, are accustomed to exposure. But even with that conditioning and her ability to smoulder, she might have been thoroughly chilled had it not been for a stimulating turn of events.

By the purest chance, she says, she learned that her husband already had another wife in good standing (standing, that is, in the wings while Crystal posed as a snow-maiden in the center of the stage). This discovery set both her blood and her body circulating again.

Back she went to the comfortable, southern exposure of burlesque. And there, the more she stripped the hotter she got, until a little while ago all that accumulated heat burst into a flaming law suit.

If, as Mrs. Thaw, Crystal suffered from exposure to cold, it looks as though Mr. Thaw might now suffer from exposure to heat.

The burlesque queen began playing the Society Circuit, she recalls, on the evening she first met Mr. Thaw at a de luxe New York night club four years ago. He took her in his arms and they glided around the dance floor to the heady strains of "You Go To My Head" ("and linger like a glass of champagne").

He was such a fast worker that it is too bad the Amateur Athletic Union does not preserve records of heart as well as track and field events. Otherwise, his name might be engraved on a loving cup for wooing and winning Crystal in three minutes flat (her time).

The complaint in her suit, borrowing the language of many an innocent country maiden, asserts that it was "his suave manner and glib tongue" that did it.

As though to get the details of her blitz bliss on record somewhere, if not with the A.A.U., then at least with the court, she goes on to describe exactly what that glib tongue said to her, subject by subject.

He began, oddly enough, by identifying himself as "a nephew of the notorious Harry K. Thaw," hot-blooded steel heir, who electrified society early in this century by shooting its favorite architect, Stanford White.

From there, she says, he went on to declare that he was "a millionaire in his own right, and the son of Charles Harper Thaw, a millionaire."

Next, "that his godmother is Harold Lloyd's stepmother," (though what that had to do with the case is not clear).

Then, with scarcely a pause for breath, she says he confessed to the following foibles, urges and distinctions:

"That he hated society people.

"That he was, and had always been, single, and that he wanted and felt compelled from within to marry plaintiff (Crystal) at once.

"That he had numerous trust funds in his name, totaling millions of dollars, and that plaintiff in turn could share these funds with him.

"That he would always love, honor and provide for plaintiff, 'until death do us part.'

"And finally that he would take plaintiff at once to Elkton, Maryland, and marry her."

Though little of this would seem to conform to the standard amatory technique, which holds that the best way to a lady's heart is to talk more about her than about yourself, it did the job. Crystal reveals the palpitating state it reduced her to by saying:

"Plaintiff was swept completely off her feet by the rapid, fairy-tale-like (sic) conversation of defendant (William), and left at once with defendant for Elkton, Maryland, and from that time, until plaintiff reached Elkton, Maryland, and was married, all the fancy dreams of childhood days seemed to have come true to life, and plaintiff literally flew amidst clouds, and was in Heaven with the angels."

From Elkton, Maryland, or Fairyland, or Heaven, or wherever it was, the couple went soaring, not to the groom's ancestral home, but, she says, to California, where they spent an eight-months honeymoon.

The angels may not have accompanied them on this excursion, but Heaven still seems to have been pretty close by, for she recalls that orchids, jewelry, furs and costly perfumes kept showering down on her like manna.

The way William squandered his money, she says, convinced her that "he was made of the genuine Thaw stuff. From September, 1938, until April, 1939, we lived lavishly and I might even say riotously, taking in all the thrills of Hollywood and its gay spots."

Only one little cloud darkened the neighborly heaven:

"I kept wondering when my husband would introduce me to his family. I admired and loved my husband very much and I appreciated his broad - mindedness, his sportsmanship. But, I must confess, I did suffer some secret qualms at the thought of my first meeting with the hoity-toity members of his family. After all, I realized that I was to them just a striptease queen."

But, when it finally occurred eight months after their marriage, her encounter with his mother, at least, did not justify these qualms. Mrs. Charles Harper Thaw, who is firmly entrenched on Philadelphia's "Main Line," is Crystal says, "a very charming person, who received me very graciously when William and I came to her home for tea."

Some of this unexpected tolerance may have been acquired by Mrs. Thaw from her own matrimonial experiences. The mother of three other children besides William, she was then, and still is, separated from her husband, a relative of Harry K. Back in 1927, she sued Charles Harper for abandonment and at the same time slapped a whopping big suit for alienation of affections on his sister, the wealthy Adelaide Thaw Beach, of New York, who died a short time ago.

In any case, Crystal was greatly encouraged by the way this first test went off. Having met and, as she believed, conquered the mother, she was able to face up fairly calmly to what seemed the lesser job of meeting the other members of the family.

Nothing, as it turned out, could have been more unfortunate than this attitude, for when the freeze came, as she said it did a couple of days later, it caught her unprepared. She describes the occasion, and her own interesting reactions to it, as follows:

"It was when he introduced me to the rest of the Thaws, and in-laws, that I first learned what a cold shoulder is like (she being used to the burlesque,. or smoldering variety). Wow, did those dames turn on the chill! Just for a moment I felt like tossing off all my clothes, (cold as it was!) and giving them the shock of their cloistered lives. I figured that would be one great striptease performance."

It is doubtful that she could find anyone to disagree with her on that point. But, instead of acting on the inspiration and providing American social history with an episode comparable to the Boston Tea Party in American political history, she just took refuge in another theatrical thought and let it pass.

The new thought was, that she was "a trouper and could take it." She took it until her husband bundled her up good and warm and carried her away, possibly to sit at home with her feet in a tub of hot water. And that night, between hypothetical sniffles, she reached a great decision.

"I decided I didn't want any part of the Thaw glamour. I was going to be myself. I was going to do what I wanted to do, what I could do and what I enjoyed doing. It was my art. The technique of the artistic striptease. That was the real me!"

The translation of this memorable resolve into action was hastened a few days later when, in rummaging through a desk, she happened on some documents which convinced her that: "My husband had lied to me, that he already had another wife an a child, and that he was never divorced from this wife. All I knew about her was that she was a Pittsburgh girl named Helen."

William, she says, was away from home at the moment. She did not wait for him to get back, just dashed off a farewell note, packed up her things and left.

Thus ended what might have been a valuable sociological experiment, if it had been allowed to work itself out normally. For it is not often that one has a chance to observe what happens when a stripteaser marries an aristocrat.

If Crystal had never made her alleged discovery, if she had elected to stay on as a kind of experimental guinea pig, could she in time have adjusted herself to the chilly climate of the Thaw home? Could she have made herself over into at least a good imitation of a fashionable matron?

In order to do so she would undoubtedly have had to unlearn many hard-learned mannerisms, such as, for example, the peculiar strip walk, a sort of undulation in which every movement has a meaning of its own.

Once a girl gets the hang of walking like that, and experiences the flattering attention it attracts from the opposite sex, you'd think she'd have a hard time giving it up.

Harder, in fact, for Crystal than for most, because she doesn't take her work lightly. As can be judged from the following lyrical description, stripping and all that goes with, or without it, undoubtedly mean a lot to her.

"My number," she says, "is not the vulgar type of strip. I dance to classical music. It's a slow, aesthetic sort of interpretation. I strive to make my audience feel that I am a beautiful revelation, epitomizing the human form divine."

A girl who feels as passionately as that about something is certainly not going to change at the drop of a shoulder - strap. So the chances are that if no alleged extra wife had been sighted in the wings—where she still is, by the way — it wouldn't have been Crystal who would have made the adjustments.

She might have gone right on, undulating when she felt like it and even perhaps occasionally yielding to that impulse to throw things off which she had sternly repressed before. The adjustments would probably have had to come from the Thaws—which is a thought not without interesting possibilities, too.

But there's no point in going into them, because the experiment is over, the test tubes put away. Crystal is back in burlesque and what is science's and Mr. Thaw's loss has become the gain of a couple of other people, Mr. Minsky and her lawyer, Herbert Rosenberg, of 233 Broadway, New York.

Right now she is trying to serve legal papers on Mr. Thaw, who is supposed to be in California and has not as yet revealed his side of the affair. An annulment of their marriage, $1,000 a week alimony and $25,000 counsel fees are, Crystal feels, the compensation she deserves for playing the Main Line Time.

By a curious coincidence, at the same time her papers are winging westward in search of Mr. Thaw, another set of legal documents, bearing the signature of his mother and claiming about $26,000 in back alimony, are winging eastward toward Nice, France, where his father is supposed to be.

William Harper Thaw, a Nephew of the Famous Harry K., Who Holds the Unrecognized World's Record for Fast Wooing—3 Minutes Flat.

Crystal Says That Though Her Body Normally "Smoulders" She Nearly Caught a Chill When Exposed to the Freezing Glances of the Thaws.

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

France's Fascinating Quisling Who Copied Her Mama in Beauty and Sin

"Little Corinne, Only 14, Had Dressed Up Like a Lady. But She Wasn't Pleased to Have the Gnome-Like Dr. Goebbels So Near. She Was Indignant When She Realized He Intended to Kiss Her. She Pulled Away From Him and Delivered a Smart Slap Right Across His Cheek."

Yvonne Printemps, Second Wife of the French Actor Sacha Guitry, Who Was Given a Leading Job on Her Husband's German-Controlled Stage When Paris Was Occupied.

Jose Laval and Her Father, the Notorious Friend of the Germans, Who Fights Continually to Turn Over What Is Left of the Power of France Into the Hands of That Country's Unscrupulous Nazi Conquerors.

By PRINCESS AMELIE KARAPOW,
Author of "I Watched the Old World Crumble," Published in The American Weekly.

WHEN the Nazi Ambassador to France, Otto Abetz, gives a party at his resplendent German Embassy, a shining girl with red-gold hair and the most innocent smile in the world is more conspicuous as hostess to all the good Paris collaborationists than the mousey little wife of the envoy, Madame Abetz, the rightful and conventional hostess of the Embassy.

This girl who queens it at the Ambassador's parties is the twenty-one-year-old Corinne Luchaire. Miss Corinne's father, as many know, is the big pro-Nazi Frenchman, Jean Luchaire. Papa Luchaire is editor of the Nazi endowed newspaper "Le Nouveau Temps." He is also Director of the Paris Press, which means that French newspapers have to please this pro-German or they stop being newspapers.

But Mlle. Luchaire, the daughter, is somebody in her own right. Do you remember the French picture play "Prison Without Bars"? It was the foreign play most highly rated in the United States in 1939.

Corinne Luchaire was star of that. Then, four years ago, she was only seventeen.

Today, she is star on the different stage of Paris politics. Today, after four years of suspicions, whispers, insinuations turned her way... and the way of German Otto Abetz, she "makes no bones about it." About, that is, her very good "friendship" with the German Ambassador.

But four years ago, when she starred in "Prison Without Bars," she laughingly proclaimed: "No, no, no, I am too young for romance."

Today, she says, "But he is a great man, who will make France and Germany good friends." She adds that she is proud to be rated "friends" of this friendly envoy.

Over there today they call Herr Abetz the "virtual King of France." Then, surely, Mlle. Luchaire is more or less the uncrowned Queen. To be a great star on the stage, and a Madame Pompadour behind the throne, all at twenty-one, is an achievement. The young lady's least fervent admirers admit that she is an amazing young woman.

"The best living example of the good old motto—'the lack of virtue is its own reward,'" cynical Parisians declare.

Other cynics ask: "So young and yet so successful—how come?"

The answer is, the young lady was born into the RIGHT FAMILY. Grandpa Julien Luchaire, Papa Jean Luchaire, Mamma Francoise Luchaire and little Corinne, herself, have all had a flair for Getting On In A Tough World. Let's go back to Grandpa Julien.

Grandpa was a Professor of History who yearned for a political career. He tried for an entry into politics by attaching himself to the great French statesman, Arlstide Briand. Grandfather Luchaire, moreover, always managed to be about at the scene of any big political powwow. So, at the signing of the Briand-Kellogg pact at Geneva, Grandpa took a room at the exclusive Hotel des Bargues. Then he buzzed around the diplomats from every country in the world, with such industry and omnipresence, that the hotel detectives decided Grandpa was a spy, a blackmailer, or, at any rate, a political assassin. They broke into his room and broke open his trunk. But all they found was a complete set of hotel silver.

Grandpa left town suddenly, and tried another way to get into politics.

This was his marriage to Mme. Antonina Valentin, private secretary to German Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann. Grandfather felt that there must be profit in such a marriage...And, by and by, when he died, Monsieur Luchaire left to his son, Jean, his philosophy for getting on in the world.

"Make the right friends in politics and keep them in good repair." was Grandpa Luchaire's parting advice to his son.

This gentleman took to journalism. He figured you might meet the Right People in newspaper work. Then he married; the lady was an artist, a voluptuous, daring, exotic creature with a flair for the extraordinary. Some people said her lightly clad dances bordered on the scandalous.

Anyway, shortly after his marriage, M. Jean Luchaire introduced his wife to his stepmother's boss — Herr Stresemann. Minister Stresemann took to Mme. Francoise Luchaire at once. He found she had a soothing effect on a statesman's frazzled nerves. He also liked her dancing, it was said. So, gratefully, he passed on many favors to Madame Luchaire. To requite him, she passed on favors, too, though these were not political favors.

By a coincidence, at about this time, the worldly affairs of Madame's husband, the French newspaperman Luchaire, began to blossom and to bloom. He was accumulating friends, entrees, what it requires.

The Luchaires had a son, Bobby. They also had a little daughter, Corinne. Now, since Madame Luchaire had met Minister Stresemann, she gradually decided that the air of France had a very debilitating effect upon her. The air of Germany, on the other hand, she found unusually invigorating—and enriching. She, therefore, decided to spend a great deal of her time in Germany. So naturally enough, she took her little son and daughter with her, to grow up in Germany.

When little Daughter Corinne was about twelve years old, something happened which changed the course of her life. Rich old Banker Leche von Schroeder, who had introduced Adolf Hitler to Fritz Thyssen, invited Foreign Minister Stresemann and his house guests for a week-end at the Schroeder estate, outside Cologne. Minister Stresemann accepted, bringing along the Luchaires. And Madame brought her twelve-year-old daughter, Corinne.

Rich old Banker von Schroeder was most pleased and interested in the little girl. He was over sixty, separated from his wife, and lonely. He loved children. Accordingly, he asked Madame Luchaire to be permitted to educate her daughter. Madame consented.

For the next year or two the lovely little French girl went to a German day school. But home at the banker's house, in the afternoon and evening, she lightened the leisure of the kindly old man.

When Corinne was about fourteen something else happened which influenced her life . . . which maybe also influenced modern French history. Banker von Shroeder invited three leading Nazis to his house for a political discussion—and afternoon coffee. At this time, the fourteen-year-old Corinne, amused and pleased her adoptive father by playing little hostess to his guests. So again he asked Corinne to pour coffee for the three, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop, and von Ribbentrop's young handy man, Otto Abetz.

It happened that Herr Goebbels got to the party first—even before the host came home from the bank, that afternoon. Dr. Joseph Goebbels walked down the handsome hall, stopped before the double doors to the pretentious library of the von Shroeder mansion. Then he stood there looking, entranced.

A lovely young girl, dressed up like a grown lady, was arranging the coffee table.

Now Dr. Goebbels, the little gnome, as everybody knows, has never been able to keep his head in the presence of soft, blonde, gentle little feminine creatures. According to pattern, Dr. Goebbels lost his head again. He rushed forward eagerly, without a ghost of an introduction. He seized the little lady's hand. He held on.

But the little lady was not pleased to have Dr. Goebbels so near. The little lady was afraid—and indignant, as the Head of the Propaganda and Enlightenment Bureau of Germany began to act as if he were going to kiss something more than the lady's hand. Petulantly then (the girl had temperament) she pulled her hand away. She stepped back and then she slapped Herr Goebbels, a good smart slap, right across his cheek.

Then fate came knocking at the door. Then fate stood in the doorway. For there stood Joachim von Ribbentrop and Otto Abetz, the "youth leader" and undercover Fifth Columnist. They stood there...they had seen...they had heard...It has been told many times since then, what happened. Herr von Ribbentrop turned to his man and he said:

"Otto, this girl—she WILL DO."

Otto Abetz, the German Youth Leader, was about to be sent to try to spread over France the belief that the Germans were right good neighbors. People to get better acquainted with. Abetz planned to work through French youth groups. He also planned to take agents to France who should percolate through the country, making false friendships in the name of rapprochement. For this work, they were combing Germany to find pretty, spirited intelligent agents. Girls not at all the spy "type" in appearance.

Therefore Ribbentrop meant "here is a born French girl who has spirit. We can teach her to love German ways, to believe in us. Then we'll take her over to France."

After this, the young Corinne went not only to a German school. She also went to the private and secret classes they were holding in Germany for secret agents. Banker von Schroeder, an ardent German, acquiesced. At about this time, he also got Corinne small parts in the great German moving picture company, UFA. This he did easily, since he was one of the big stockholders. And this, he agreed, was advisable for Corinne, since, in some future day, a French Intelligence Officer might say to her:

"Young woman, are you doing spy work? What is your visible means of support?"

Then she could reply, with perfect truth: "I am a motion picture actress."

From that meeting Miss Corinne progressed, under the patronage of Otto Abetz, Youth Leader and Fifth Column Organizer. After another year or so in Germany, she went home to France. Almost at once she stepped into the stellar role of "Prison Without Bars." That picture became a world success. Overnight little Corinne became famous.

This was exactly what her bosses, Joachim von Ribbentrop and Otto Abetz, wanted. Fifth Column workers, Nazi sympathizers, members of the German society they had organized and called the "Committee for French and German Rapprochement" could make more friends for the Nazis if they, themselves, were popular, successful, welcome in social and Bohemian circles. Corinne was. In those days, 1938 and early 1939, she saw a great deal of Otto Abetz, who, by the way, had married her father's secretary, a young Frenchwoman from Lille. Soon then people noticed how Abetz and the young movie star were so much together.

"Are you in love with Herr Abetz?" some asked her, in one way or another, not imagining at all that Abetz was already married.

The lovely Corinne blushed and denied it . . . "I am much too young for romance," she said.

Some people believed. For, famous and feted, she was sought everywhere, by all kinds of folk. On the Riviera, at about this time, she caused a bit of a stir when she went sun bathing, one day, with the notorious Ali Khan, son of the old Agha Khan.

In Paris there were whispers when she went to the Opera with Herr Joseph Goebbels, German Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment.

Well, at any rate, the two seemed to have forgotten the initial episode of the SLAP. Each explained, later, that it was a mutual interest in the theatre that drew them together. For "dramatic discussions."

"Meet people . . . make new friends constantly . . . new friends in society . . . new friends in the theatre . . . spread our Nazi creed with your smiles . . . but do all this quietly, as a Frenchwoman who has, first of all, been convinced herself."

These were the instructions Mlle. Corinne received from her director, Herr Abetz. The young lady did get round. She DID make friends.

Soon half the important hostesses of Paris were trembling on the edge of sympathy with the Nazis. They said, "If France had Some Firm Government, like they had over in Germany, there'd be less danger from these upstart French Communists."

Corinne kept on meeting people. Her men, her admiring men were legion.

Here is a partial list of men with whom she was seen in public during a few weeks of the Winter, 1938, when she came to fame:

(Continued on Next Page)

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Clever Corinne Luchaire Was a Better Actress Than the French Cinema Fans Thought, and at 21, Is the Newest Left-Hand Queen of Paris — But Now Everyone Knows She's the Mistress of Fat Otto Abetz, German Ambassador Who Trained Her as a Child in Duplicity

European Photo

The infamous Gnome-Like Dr. Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, Whose Lies and Fifth Columnists Did So Much to Bring About the Downfall of France.

Int'l Photo

Unscrupulous Joachim Von Ribbentrop, Formerly a Wine Salesman, and Now Hitler's Foreign Minister, Who First Saw Corinne's Worth as a Quisling.

Acme Photo

Otto Abetz, Now More Corpulent Than His Photo Shows. He is the Nazi Boss of Paris, Whose Mistress, It Is Now Revealed, Corinne Luchaire Became at the Age of 17.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Pierre Laval, de Brinon, Doriot, Marcel Deat, Sapene, editor of Le Matin, Aurol, Dormoy, who was later murdered, and Sacha Guitry, playwright and actor.

All these were Frenchmen. But there were others, cosmopolites, who flitted in and out of Paris. Why, people said that Winter, the girl was omnivorous. No, she was carnivorous. Could there possibly be "something" between her and all these men?

Undoubtedly, the gossips flattered the young star. But Miss Corinne did not deny too hotly, when accused of being the petite amie of a regiment of men. No, instead she figured, there is safety in numbers. All these extraneous male attractions should obscure the real fact—and that was that she was rather more than kind and less than kin to her dear boss, Otto Abetz.

So, at seventeen, Miss Corinne lived a gay life, was mistress to Otto Abetz, prominent Committeeman for German and French Rapprochement.

In those years she also made one firm, fast woman friend—Jose Laval, Countess de Chambrun, daughter of that famous French Quisling, Pierre Laval.

When phlegmatic Edouard Daladier, the Premier, decided that something was wrong with France and ordered his Intelligence Service to report, here are a few of the things they told him:

In France there were some 550 German secret agents.

Some of these were Germans. A great many of them were Frenchmen and Frenchwomen.

Otto Abetz was the leader of these Secret Agents.

In the last fifteen months, Abetz had received from Germany money for espionage work that equalled 200,000,000 French francs.

He had spent this money to buy up newspapers, influence editors, writers, actors, politicians.

Among his well-known feminine agents were:

Baroness von Einem, a lovely young German woman.

Princess Hohenlohe (she later came to grief in the United States).

And, tragic was the announcement, France's own beloved moving picture actress, Mlle. Corinne Luchaire, was also a secret agent of the Germans.

"Round up all five hundred agents," ordered Premier Daladier.

The net was spread. But word seeped out ahead of the round-up. Baroness von Einem got away. So did Princess Hohenlohe. Otto Abetz was publicly expelled.

Mlle. Corinne Luchaire did not try to get away. It happened she and Jose Laval de Chambrun were having a nice cup of chocolate and dainty watercress sandwiches in the Luchaire apartment, when the gendarmes called. They read their warrant.

"You will dress for the street, mademoiselle," they said, "and come with us to the Bureau."

Pretty Corinne's eyes filled with tears. She seemed helpless and gentle and overwhelmed. She didn't seem at all like a man eater. Carnivorous. Nor like a secret agent. She sank into a chair, as Countess de Chambrun threw her arms about her. Then the Countess Jose turned to the gendarmes, waiting with their warrant.

"Go away," ordered the Countess, "go away at once. You shall not take this dear child to jail. Be careful—" for one of the officers moved as though to help Mlle. Luchaire to her feet. "Just wait," went on the Countess. "WAIT," she ordered, "I am calling my father on the 'phone. And my father is Monsieur Pierre Laval."

The gendarmes did step back, at that. Papa Laval came at once to the rescue of his darling daughter's friend. Mlle. Luchaire did not go into custody. Instead, from that day in June, 1939, till the Germans marched in to occupy Paris, June 15, 1940, Mlle. Luchaire was happy and at liberty.

But after this first episode, came the war. And when, at length, the German legions rode down towards the Arc de Triomphe, Herr Otto Abetz rode in a few days later. He returned as His Excellency the Ambassador of the Third Reich. "The virtual King of France," many said.

At once came his fond reunion with his protegee, Corinne. The young lady's father was then pushed into a place of power. Not only did he take over the German founded newspaper, Le Nouveau Temps, but he became head of the Paris Press Bureau. Press Lord of all France.

And at last that cunning, conniving, double dealing man, Abetz, and the gifted girl, Corinne, took no pains to conceal their interest in each other.

Today, when Ambassador Abetz gives a handsome soiree for all the French Quislings and collaborationists, Corinne Luchaire, in shining satin, stands at the head of the stairs, receiving the guests as Madame Abetz, rather nervously, hovers on the fringes. She seems, poor lady, rather out of place in her own house. But Madame Abetz is no egotist. She knows the calibre of these ruffians at the head of the German state. She believes it is wiser to seem to submit.

Perhaps she thinks, as she watches the drama played under her very eyes, of that incident at Vichy which happened not so long after the occupation of Paris. Trouble at Vichy. Trouble for Monsieur Laval. He was swept into custody, after being ousted from the position of Heir Apparent to Marshal Petain.

For a few dark days things didn't look too happy for the swarthy former Premier.

Then an armored car left Paris, heading for Vichy. In it were a young man with a pleasant, almost a Latin face, despite the reddish tinge to his hair. Beside him rode a choice little bit of French femininity. Otto Abetz and his love were riding down to Vichy.

Some of the story—but not these facts which follow—has already been told. Herr Abetz pressed the old Marshal hard. Finally Monsieur Laval was released from the guards which kept watch over him at his home, Chateldon Chateau. He emerged, his dear daughter by his side. But before Daughter stepped out, she had embraced Corinne.

"I knew you would come, cherie," she said, "I never worried a moment."

Mlle. Luchaire's position in France today is important. She is, undoubtedly, one of the most powerful women in all Europe. People who should know, believe she will continue powerful, if Germany wins the war. But if Germany loses — she'll have to hide.

Here is the story of one bright star of the French stage. But she is not the only artiste whose fortunes have been affected by the war. I am thinking now of a famous quartette whose war experience has been touched both with merriment and annoyance.

The quartette are — Sacha Guitry, the French playwright and actor; Charlotte Lyses, his first wife; Yvonne Printemps, his second wife; Genevieve de Serreville, his fourth wife. Wife Number 3, Jacqueline Delubac, was omitted from the line-up because she couldn't be found.

This all happened in the early days of 1941 when the Germans were asking Paris actors, in one way or another: "Will you collaborate? Will you act in plays to brighten life, build morale, explain the beauties of The New Order? Or end in a concentration camp?"

Culver Service

Remarkable Photograph of Corinne Luchaire, the Wealthy, Talented and Famous Mistress of German Ambassador Otto Abetz, Who Has Followed the Footsteps of Her Mother, Mme. Francoise Luchaire, Who Was the Mistress of Gustav Stresemann, Another Influential and Powerful German.

Many French actors, facing this choice, slipped over to London or New York. But Monsieur Guitry didn't get away.

The Germans admired Sacha Guitry's second wife, Yvonne Printemps. So they called her for a consultation. . . What would she suggest, by way of drama, to brighten Paris?

Miss Printemps is no Quisling. Still, acting is the way she makes her living. And she gave the Germans some good advice.

"Make the arrangements yourself," the German Overlord of the Drama told her.

Accordingly, Miss Printemps sought out Sacha Guitry's first wife, Charlotte Lyses.

"My dear," she said, "we're going to have some fun, you and I. We are also going to avenge our slighted art. You and I are good actresses, able actresses. Yet that joint husband of ours, Sacha Guitry, insulted our art shamefully, when he divorced us. And married that ninny of a fourth wife, Genevieve de Serreville. Why, my dear, if she lived to be a hundred, she could never hold a candle to us . . . This fourth wife wants Sacha to give her a big part in his new play. But in my pocket I have what will Settle That Hash."

Yvonne Printemps laughed, showed her paper, kissed her friend, Guitry's first wife, good-by. Then she, his second wife, sought out their common ex-husband.

Sacha Guitry felt nervous. His charming little second wife was the best actress he had ever married. She was also the devil for practical jokes. And, to his experienced husband's eye, she looked to him as if she were up to something at that very moment.

"Darling," cooed the dear second wife, "I have a message for you from our German directors. You're thinking about your new play. Well, let me advise you. That new play of yours must meet THE SPECIFICATIONS. It must have two strong, almost equal, feminine parts. One for me. And one for your dear first wife, Charlotte Lyses. And—you better put it on right off."

Sacha Guitry choked. This woman, Yvonne Guitry, she was a minx. She was a trouble maker. She—was—getting even. Ah, she had him in her power, all right.

Then sad visions of himself, playing on the stage with Wives Number One and Two in the best parts, while wife Number Four looked on, green eyed, assailed his sensitive imagination. How Paris would chortle. And how he would get the dickens on the stage from Numbers One and Two. Then to what would he go home at night, where Number Four was waiting? Finally he found his voice.

"And suppose," he suggested, "suppose I don't feel inspired to put on a play with parts for you two. What then?"

"Then I shall report this to The Proper Authorities. I came here, out of the kindness of my heart, to give you warning."

. . . Sacha Guitry put on the play. With two big feminine parts. The play was "Napoleon." Josephine and Marie Louise furnished the two big parts, no need to say. But the recriminations of the fourth wife were even more distressing than the habitual husband had imagined. Home was hell, in fact.

Princess Hohenlohe, Who Is Now Under Sentence of Deportation From the United States for Nazi Activities in This Country.

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Science Tells Why You Need Vitamin "C" Every Single Day!

Do you want to age faster, or stay young longer? Do you want sound teeth and gums? Strong elastic blood vessels? Better digestion? Clearer complexion? More vitality? Science does not know ALL of the benefits you get from Vitamin "C". But here are some of the things known about "C"... the vitamin that CAN'T be stored in your system ... the vitamin you should get in your food every day!

"C" is essential to teeth and gums—aids bone formation.

FEW people realize that life in the human body is a continuous "chemical" process. That's why Vitamins are so important. They are chemicals that control many functions of the human system.

You see, body tissues constantly wear out. Constantly re-build, re-form. *In youth*, they rebuild faster than they wear out. In *the declining years*, they wear out faster than they re-build. This is the process of growing old. Now science knows that *without enough Vitamin "C"* connective tissue, body and bone tissue *cannot* replace itself properly, *cannot* re-form fast enough. Thus without enough "C" the process of old age comes on faster than it should.

Why You Need "C" Daily

To help stay young longer, to help glands, blood vessels and body tissue *resist* the aging process you need plenty of Vitamin "C" daily.

All vitamins are essential. But some vitamins like B and C are *not* stored by the system. You must get them in your food *daily!* And "C" is often hard to get. Most of the foods that contain Vitamin "C" are foods that you cook. And open cooking, especially boiling... destroys Vitamin "C". Air destroys it too.

But canning *preserves* Vitamin "C". And canned Florida citrus fruits and juices are loaded with Vitamin "C"... Loaded with "C" and a fair amount of B_1, B_2 and valuable fruit sugars and minerals that the body needs.

Florida grapefruit juice in cans is about the easiest, cheapest, most abundant source of Vitamin "C"! A glass or two daily is all you need. And other citrus juices and fruits, shown below, supply your full daily "C" requirements at low cost.

Plenty of "C" helps children grow, builds sturdy bodies.

BLOOD PRESSURE BLOOD VESSELS

Closely related to Vitamin "C"—and found in the same Florida citrus fruits that give you "C"—is the newly discovered Vitamin "P". One important function of this vitamin is to help keep the blood vessels young and elastic. This means better resistance to high blood pressure—*less danger of strokes in middle age.*

COMPLEXION

Are you having trouble with your complexion? Is it dull and sallow? Do pimples and other blemishes take a long time to heal? Then there's a good chance that your diet may be dangerously low on Vitamin "C". Drink delicious canned Florida grapefruit juice or orange juice.

TEETH and GUMS

Lack of Vitamin "C" often shows itself in soft, tender, bleeding gums—and in loosening of the teeth. For strong teeth and healthy gums, dentists advise plenty of citrus fruit juice daily. Save money on "C" by buying Florida orange or grapefruit juice in cans.

LUNGS and FREQUENT COLDS

If life is "just one cold after another," it is wise to check up and see whether you're getting enough "C". Doctors have found that Vitamin "C" helps build resistance to coughs and colds. Try drinking one or two glasses of canned Florida grapefruit juice daily. Refreshing and healthful!

HEART TROUBLE

Recent research seems to indicate that continued deficiency of Vitamin "C" over a long period can affect the heart. It is now suspected that lack of "C" may be a contributory cause of heart inflammation, heart enlargement and heart failure in early years. Eating lots of canned Florida citrus fruit is a wise precaution.

DIGESTIVE SYSTEM

People who "never can get up an appetite," who have to "coddle" their stomachs, often turn out to be innocent victims of diets weak in Vitamin "C". The easy, inexpensive way to correct this "C" deficiency is to serve canned Florida citrus fruit juices—grapefruit juice, orange juice or an appetizing blend of the two.

GRAPEFRUIT

THIS CHART shows the relative amount of Vitamin "C" supplied by ten cents worth of the 3 leading juices.

Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice supplies so much Vitamin "C" for so little money that everyone can get ALL the natural Vitamin "C" he needs . . just by drinking a glass or two a day! You also get B_1, B_2 and valuable minerals.

THE BLOOD

The effects of "C" deficiency on the blood are too numerous to list. They include loss of color or anemia, lowering of ability to clot, and reduction in antibody formation with consequent loss of defense against infections. Plenty of Vitamin "C" helps to keep the blood more healthy.

TIRE QUICKLY

One of the commonest signs of Vitamin "C" starvation is lack of energy. If you feel "all played out" at the end of the day, if your work seems "more than you can bear," then try stepping up your daily supply of "C". It's easy—thanks to the wide variety of inexpensive Florida citrus fruits in cans.

ACHING JOINTS

Pain in the joints is frequently an indication that the food you eat is not giving enough Vitamin "C". No need to buy fancy pills at high prices. Your grocer has a tempting variety of delicious Florida citrus fruits in cans—grapefruit juice or sections, orange juice, and tasty citrus salad.

BRUISE EASILY

Do you get black-and-blue easily? Do cuts heal slowly and with difficulty? Vitamin "C" deficiency may be the reason. Vitamin "C" accompanied by Vitamin "P", in citrus juices, helps prevent capillary fragility. And medical science now knows that body tissues cannot form properly unless "C" is present. That's why you need "C" daily!

STRONG BONES

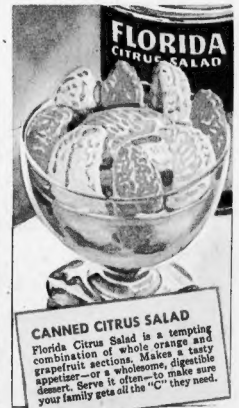
Calcium (a mineral found in many foods) is the "raw material" from which the body's bones are built. To enable the body to form this calcium into strong, sturdy bones, plenty of Vitamin "C" is an absolute necessity. That's one reason why growing children should eat foods rich in "C" like canned Florida grapefruit.

CANNED ORANGE OR GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

Canned citrus fruit juice is one of the cheapest sources of Vitamin "C" money can buy. Your choice of delicious grapefruit juice, orange juice or a tasty combination of the two.

CANNED GRAPEFRUIT SECTIONS

Plump juicy grapefruit sections—ready to serve. A delicious salad, with French or mayonnaise dressing. Every one of these sections is a wonderful natural source of Vitamin "C"



CANNED CITRUS SALAD

Florida Citrus Salad is a tempting combination of whole oranges and grapefruit sections. Makes a tasty appetizer—or a wholesome, digestible dessert. Serve it often—to make sure your family gets *all* the "C" they need.

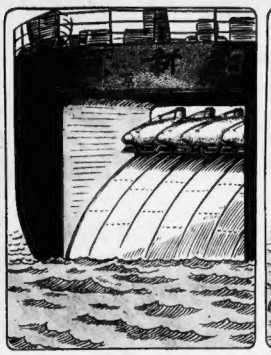
Canned FLORIDA Citrus Fruits

GRAPEFRUIT SECTIONS GRAPEFRUIT JUICE ORANGE JUICE
BLENDED ORANGE & GRAPEFRUIT JUICES CITRUS SALAD

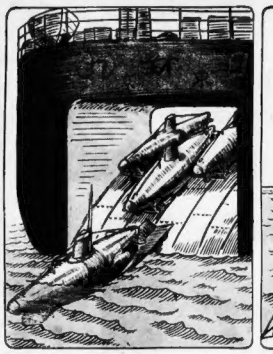
BUY U. S. DEFENSE BONDS!

How the Japs' 2-Man Subs Got Into Pearl Harbor

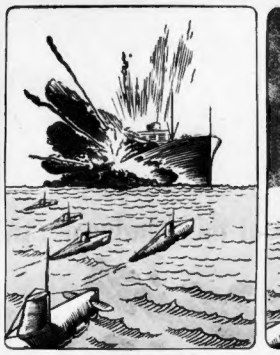
1—The Innocent-Looking "Whale Factory" Showing Dead Whales Ready to Be Hauled Up the Stern Slipway for Flensing.



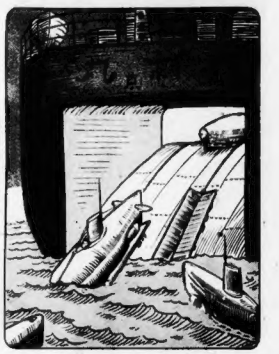
2—But Such a Slipway When Readapted, Has Other Uses. This Drawing Shows a Rack of Two-Man Subs in Their Launching Cradles.



3—Launching the Two-Man Subs for a Sneak Attack. The "Whale Factory" Will Meet Them, Ready to Take Them Aboard at the End of Their 200-Mile Cruise Limit.



4—The Attack! Schools of Two-Man Submarines Launched From a "Whale Factory" Skulking Up to Destroy an Unsuspecting Merchantman.



5—If Not Hit They Then Return to the Sub Carrier. Two-Man Submarines Approaching the Lifting Cradles at the Stern Slipway of a "Whale Factory."

By BRIAN O'BRIEN.

Striking Evidence Now Develops to Show That the Deadly Little Killer Ships Were Housed On, Launched From and Returned to Their Shelters Aboard the Huge Whaling Factory Ships, Prepared Long Ago for Their Sinister Work

HOW did those Jap two-man submarines manage to reach the Hawaiian Islands, 3,500 miles from Tokyo?

Their cruising range was only 200 miles.

The answer is mother ships. Great travelling docks on which the undersea killers were assembled and launched at sea within easy striking distance of their unsuspecting prey.

Almost certainly the Japanese were using the great "whale factories" as carriers and sea-going assembly lines for their two-man subs.

For many years the United States and other powers have had reason to complain of the Japanese bland disregard of trade treaties.

Early in the century America, Russia, Canada and Great Britain designed a number of laws to protect the migrating herds of fur seals to the Bering Sea. Only certain young males could be slaughtered, otherwise the herds would be depleted and quickly become extinct.

But the Japanese anchored their schooners outside the three mile limits and slaughtered every seal they saw, whether female with young, old bull or young "bachelor." Their methods were wasteful and such that they lost four out of five animals killed.

They politely declined all invitations to join the international protective conferences and offered to accept a percentage of other countries' kills as a fee for keeping their killer ships out of Alaskan waters.

"The Bering Sea has become an arm of Tokyo Bay," stated a paper published in Tokyo as late as 1937.

In the summer of that year a fleet of 101 Japanese vessels hung nets for 200 miles along the coast of Bristol Bay, the best salmon fishing ground in the world. They told the world they were after crabs, but their plan was to remain outside the three mile limit and pack salmon aboard floating factory ships.

One factory ship, the Taiyo Maru, was seen from a Coast Guard airplane to have over 20,000 fresh-caught salmon spread on her deck.

The Alaskan salmon pack is worth about $50,000,000 a year, built to that peak by rigid conservation. The industry employs 17,500 men and has produced a third more revenue than gold and all other minerals since 1867.

Salmon, after hatching in Alaskan streams make their way to sea as midgets. Some years later they return in tremendous schools and travel miles up the streams in which they were born. They spawn and die.

Thus the cycle.

Pink salmon live for two years, some for three, the red kind for five years. Therefore, if the mouth of a stream is "corked" the whole of a year's spawn will be caught, but two, three or five years later there will be no fish in that stream.

Therefore, also, fishing is permitted only in certain areas and only with certain nets. Half of the fish must be allowed to escape in order that the schools may return and the crop be assured.

But the Japanese stretched nets three miles off shore, catching everything that approached; spawning salmon, small sea-going fish, everything. The Alaska Fishermen's Union telegraphed Washington that it believed the Japanese would destroy Bristol Bay salmon fishing in five-years—one cycle for the red salmon. That would mean ruin for Alaska.

In reply to our protests the Japanese suggested that United States and Japan capital combine, the Japanese to supply ships and labor, in Alaskan waters.

The fleet of 101 Japanese ships suggested the alternative:

"Share—or lose—"

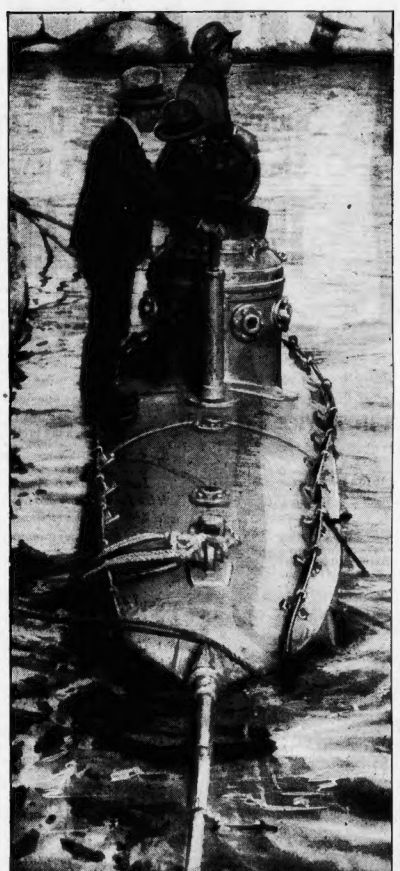
Where did they get those factory ships? The Japanese have not been notable as inventors. In fact they have never invented anything, stealing and adapting from the white man.

A few years previous to the Bristol Bay episode they had been studying the world seas for chances to muscle in.

They found one in Australian waters.

Since the eighteenth century American whalers have taken toll of the great mammals of the ocean. In the bluff-bowed timber barks New England skippers charted secret bays and wide currents for the map makers of Washington. They followed the passaging whales and spied out their breeding grounds.

When oil was discovered under the hills of Pennsylvania the whales lost, temporarily, their value. That was because it sometimes took a whaler four years to collect 2,000 forty gallon barrels of the rich matter.



A Jap Two-Man Submarine With "Fishermen" Aboard. Types Like This Got Into Pearl Harbor. But a Pair Never Got Back to Their Mother Ship.

Each captain knew a spot where he could find whales. But it was not until they were discovered thick as cows in the Ross Sea and off the coast of Western Australia that their hunting paid in the face of mineral oil.

Norwegians invented great steam mother ships, each with a fleet of little "killers" that followed the mighty blue whales and hump backs into the icy Antarctic, shot them with great bomb harpoons, blew them up with pressure hoses and towed them into some quiet bay to "cut in" and "try out."

The Japanese watched this trade with great interest.

Then came the floating factories; ships that through a port in bow or stern could drag a whale bodily on deck and flense it, render the oil and extract every scrap of valuable matter while steaming at sea.

The Kosmos, mighty Scandinavian whale factory, carried into port 119,434 forty gallon barrels of whale oil in a FOUR MONTHS CRUISE!

That was enough for the Japanese.

They purchased a vessel called the Antarctica from Norway, had it converted into a factory ship, staffed it with Norwegian gunners and started hunting whales JUST OUTSIDE the territorial waters of Australia.

Whales, like seals and salmon, have to be protected.

At the Convention of the League of Nations for the Regulation of Whaling it was prohibited to kill right whales (which owing to careless hunting were almost extinct). Whalers were not allowed to take calves or suckling whales, immature whales or female whales accompanied by calves.

The Japanese were asked to join the conference and come under those laws. They refused.

"Our whaling industry is far too young," they said.

But they chased all over the Ross Sea and outside the three mile limits of Australia and New Zealand blasting at every whale that showed its back above water.

By 1939, the Japanese whaling industry owned six whale factories and forty-eight killer ships, the largest and most modern in the world. And during the salmon run the whale factories became salmon factories or crab factories.

Stern View of the Nisshin Maru, One of Japan's Fleet of Whaling Factories Whose Surface-to-Deck Slipways Are Used to Launch and Take Aboard Submarines Instead of Whales.

A Japanese Naval Officer, Typical of Hundreds of His Kind Who Posed for Years as Fishermen in Alaskan and Australian Waters. The Japanese Naval Cap Gives Him Away—but, Unfortunately, Too Late.

Since Britain declared war on the Axis, Japan had the fruitful Australian whaling grounds to herself. For the German whalers were in Hamburg, probably destroyed by bombs. Norwegian factories were scattered all over the seven seas and those not interned were being used as oil tankers. Britain had two years supply of whale oil and the United States held mighty quantities in bonded warehouses awaiting markets.

But oils and fats are the lifeblood of nations at war. Whale oil is rich in glycerin and is used in the manufacture of high explosives. It makes good butter substitute and soap. Fertilizer made of refuse from the great boilers of factory ships is invaluable to overworked Japanese land. Whale meat has long been popular food in Japan as well as other countries.

For two years the Japanese whale fleet ran amuck in Antarctic waters, sending a large part of their catch to Germany until the Trans-Siberian railway was closed to them.

Now the small, but highly efficient Australian Navy sees to it that no Japanese whalers pollute her waters.

So there is a more sinister purpose for which those floating factories can be used.

Who, before Pearl Harbor would suspect a great, evil smelling, slab sided vessel with stacks athwartships of being a warcraft?

Look at the picture of the Japanese seaman holding a bomb harpoon such as is used nowadays to kill whales. He is wearing the uniform cap of an officer of the Japanese Imperial Navy.

That picture was made in Sydney Harbor in 1935.

The whale factories are as much as 22,000 tons. They carry crews of 300 men. They have unobstructed deck space of upwards of a quarter acre. And mighty ports and slipways that will enable them to HAUL A 100 FOOT WHALE BODILY ON DECK.

How much easier to launch a forty-one foot submarine.

With slight machinery changes and such man power those whale factories might well be submarine factories. They could carry the parts of fifty such subs, assemble them at sea, launch them, and rendezvous ready to take them aboard at the end of their 200 mile cruise limit.

It is known that the Japanese have six or seven such vessels. They threatened, in 1938 to build six more.

Those now in operation are the Tonan Maru, Tonan Maru II, Tonan Maru III, Nisshin Maru, Nisshin Maru II and Taiyo Maru. Quite possibly another, Hakuyo Maru is also at sea.

It is not known if there are others. There probably are. But these are listed in Lloyd's Register of Shipping.

The Germans are already considering combination aircraft and motor launch carriers for raid and run tactics.

The large, unobstructed deck space of whale factories would be ample for the storage of many scout planes.

Throughout the thousands of small islands in the Pacific, still good whaling grounds, the factories could cruise without arousing suspicion, launch their broods of submarines for scouting or sabotage and pick them up later at a pre-arranged meeting place.

There have been surprise invasions in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies.

It is entirely possible that the whale factories were used for such invasions. There would be ample room for troops in the vast oil holds. Guns and troops could be loaded into invasion barges within the shelter of steel walls. Then the barges could be launched safely through the great, eighteen foot stern ports and be covered by guns aboard the mother ships while they raced for the unprotected shores of those tropic islands.

With such methods one carrier could cover many landings in quick time.

Since the decline of the wooden whalers at the end of the nineteenth century, the United States has shown little interest in the industry until 1931 when it was revived by the American Whaling Co.

In 1937 that company operated two factories, the Frango and the Ulysses. The oil was used in the manufacture of soaps.

The Food and Drug Acts forbid the use of whale oil for edible purposes.

This in spite of the fact that whale oil is the one edible fat that will not deteriorate in storage.

Lobbyists for the producers of garbage grease and inedible tallows, fearful that whale oil, invaluable for insecticides and agricultural sprays, would interfere in their great farm market, caused to be introduced as amendment to the Revenue Act an unreasonably high excise import tax on whale oil produced by the company

This has made it impracticable for the company to operate their two ships.

The Ulysses is now being operated as a tanker.

The Frango was sold last February.

To the Japanese!

It is not impossible that the Frango was used to launch those deadly weapons of destruction against us.

How many more such purchases have the Japanese made?

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

BIG DOUBLE OPPORTUNITY

Help yourself... and the U.S.A!

Get this handsome, practical

Patriot's KNITTING SET

ALL 4 PIECES FOR ONLY 35¢

and three labels from Sunbrite Cleanser

Actual size is 4¾ inches across — almost twice as large as illustrated. (Yarn not included.)

This remarkable and timely offer is made by Swift & Company to induce you to try Sunbrite Cleanser . . .

Everybody's knitting this year. Whether you're an expert or a beginner, you'll be delighted with this smart, exclusive Patriot's Knitting Set, including a duo-toned holder for your yarn, a pair of plastic needles, and instruction booklet.

Yarn Ball Holder in lustrous red and blue plastic. An exclusive design created for this offer. Holds large ball of yarn. Flat base keeps holder from rolling.

Two Needles—bright white plastic with patriotic red and blue heads. No. 6 size. 10-in. length. Recommended by knitting headquarters.

Instruction Booklet—"How to Knit for Victory" prepared by the makers of the famous, high-quality Fleisher and Bear Brand Yarns. The things every beginner should know; also valuable advice for the experienced knitters.

To Be Given Away Absolutely Free!

$10,000

maturity value U. S. Defense Bonds and Stamps in Sunbrite's new easy-to-win

PATRIOT'S CONTEST!

Take 5 Minutes Now to Write the Words that Are Deep in Your Heart. Finish this sentence in 25 additional words or less:

I am glad I live in America because

.....

.....

A sentence as easy to write as this might win a big prize...

I am glad I live in America because . . . it is a land of liberty and freedom and because my children have more opportunity for happiness here than in any country on earth.

This new, different contest . . . presented by Swift & Company to make even more friends for Sunbrite Cleanser . . . gives you the opportunity to win a small fortune and to help Uncle Sam in two vitally important ways:

1. Uncle Sam must sell U. S. Defense Bonds to carry on our country's gigantic victory program. That's why we offer U. S. Defense Bonds and Stamps for prizes instead of cash or merchandise.

2. Our American Men in camp need recreation to keep up their morale. You can help the cause by entering this Contest because every entry helps swell a service men's recreation fund.

Here's what YOU might win! 907 Prizes in All!

Note: U. S. Defense Bond and Stamp prizes are quoted at maturity values. All Bonds and Stamps are Series E.

1st Prize— $2,500	in U. S. Defense Bonds	10 Prizes—$75 ea.	in U. S. Defense Bonds
2nd Prize— 1,500		20 Prizes— 50 ea.	
3rd Prize— 1,000		30 Prizes— 25 ea.	
4th Prize— 500		40 Prizes— 10 ea.	
5th Prize— 250		50 Prizes— 5 ea.	
6th Prize— 150		100 Prizes— 2 ea.	in Defense Savings Stamps
7th Prize— 100		650 Prizes— 1 ea.	

You Can't Miss helping Uncle Sam by entering this Contest. And you may win for yourself the big first prize $2,500 in Defense Bonds or one of the other valuable prizes! But whether you win the big first prize or one of the smaller prizes, you're going to make a worthwhile new discovery if you've never used hard-on-dirt, easy-on-the-surface Sunbrite Cleanser. Sunbrite works so fast, you'll save hours of tedious labor. And it cleans so thoroughly and efficiently that pots, pans, kitchen and bathroom surfaces glisten when you give them a quick, easy Sunbrite treatment.

Every Order . . . Every Entry will contribute to special fund to

HELP OUR MEN IN SERVICE

Our Men in Service need recreation—and now you can help this worthy cause!

For every Knitting Set Order you send in, Swift & Company will turn over 1¢ to a special service men's recreation fund, before July 1, 1942.

For every Contest Entry you send in, Swift & Company will contribute 1¢ into this recreation fund.

Don't forget: you can order as many Knitting Sets and enter the Contest as many times as you wish. If Swift & Company receives 500,000 orders and entries, the service men's recreation fund gets $5,000 in cash.

Make your world Brighter!

When you send your 35¢ and 3 Sunbrite Labels for the Patriot's Knitting Set, you'll accomplish three things: (1) You'll be helping the Men in Service because every order contributes to a special service recreation fund. (2) You'll be making knitting an even pleasanter and worthier pastime. (3) And you'll make your home much brighter . . . your work much lighter with Sunbrite—Swift's speedy cleanser that swishes grease and dirt away from pots, pans and porcelain.

If you're a regular Sunbrite user, stock up on this efficient cleanser. You can send for extra Knitting Sets for gifts. And remember, every order contributes to a service men's recreation fund. If you haven't used Sunbrite before, this is an opportunity to discover how different this all-purpose cleanser is from ordinary cleansers.

FOR PATRIOT'S KNITTING SET SEND 3 SUNBRITE LABELS and only 35¢

To Enter Contest—SEND NO MONEY! with your contest entry include 3 Sunbrite Labels

Here's your Knitting Set Order Form!

(Why not enter the Contest, too . . . you may be the big winner!)

SUNBRITE
P. O. Box U, Chicago, Illinois

A W 22,

Please send me _____ Patriot's Knitting Sets. For each set ordered, I am enclosing 3 labels (or panels) from Sunbrite cans, and 35¢. I understand that for every set ordered Swift & Company will turn over 1¢ to a special service men's recreation fund, before July 1, 1942.

(This offer, good only in the United States, expires June 1, 1942. This offer is void in any state or subdivision thereof if taxed, restricted or prohibited by law.)

IMPORTANT: Swift & Company has ordered substantial quantities of these Knitting Sets. Every effort will be made to fill orders after this quantity is exhausted, but delivery cannot be guaranteed. So order promptly.

Print Name _____

Print P. O. Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

This Offer Expires June 1, 1942. Because of wartime conditions and in case of Government priority claims for materials of which this offer is made, we reserve the right to discontinue this offer without notice, and refund your 35¢.

Here's your Contest Entry Form!

CONTEST RULES

1. Write 25 additional words or less to finish the sentence "I am glad I live in America because ....." Use entry blank or any sheet of paper.

2. Mail your entry to Sunbrite, P. O. Box U, Chicago, together with 3 labels (or side panels) from Sunbrite cans, and your name and address. Send as many entries as you like, but each must be accompanied by 3 Sunbrite Labels (or side panels). Each entry must be in the mail and postmarked not later than midnight, April 4, 1942.

3. Entries will be judged on the basis of sincerity, uniqueness and originality. Decisions of judges are final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. Any man, woman or child living in the United States is eligible to enter, excepting employes of Swift & Company, their advertising agencies, and their families. The contest is restricted to the United States.

5. All entries and ideas become the property of Swift & Company. None will be returned. For every Contest Entry Swift & Company will contribute 1¢ to a special service men's recreation fund, before July 1, 1942.

Contest closes midnight, April 4, 1942
Entries must be postmarked before that date.

SUNBRITE, P. O. Box U, Chicago, Illinois

A W 22,

Print Name _____

Print P. O. Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

TAX THE FAT?

A New Idea to Charge $20 for Every Excess Pound We Weigh Is Advanced by a Noted Chicago Scientist, Who Points Out That Besides Fattening Up the Treasury It Would Do the Nation's Health a World of Good

Equalized, the Circus Fat Woman Would Pay Out to the Government, and the "Human Skeleton" Might Possibly Claim a Tax Rebate.

This Fair American Citizen Is So Proportioned Physically That She Would Escape An Excess-Fat Tax, Because She Hasn't Any Taxable Poundage.

Galloway Photo

The Late William Howard Taft, Whose Avoirdupois Would Have Put His Over-Fat Tax in the High Brackets Despite His Efforts to Reduce Weight On the Electric Horse That Later So Fascinated President Coolidge.

The Portly Aga Khan, Whose Obesity Is an Asset. His Subjects Pay Him Tribute in Gold, Equal to His Weight. In America, Under a Tax-the-Fat Plan, He Would Have to Do the Paying. Incidentally, You Might Have to Sit on a Scale Like This to Determine How Much You Owe Uncle Sam.

By HELEN KINNEY.

THE fat man—("Nobody loves a fat man"), has something new to worry about now.

He—(or she—because women would be in it too) soon may be taxed by the government for every excess pound of flesh she or he carries around—and at the rate, not to be sneezed at, of $20 a pound.

Such a levy recently was proposed as a good way of getting more money to help win the war.

Its sponsor, himself a vigorous thin man, is the eminent Dr. Anton J. Carlson, professor emeritus of the Department of Physiology at the University of Chicago.

To the nation's men—and women—of overgirth, this levy would be a real "nuisance tax" but to Uncle Sam it would mean more wealth and more health.

Although the government, as yet, has not adopted the professor's suggestion, it is easy to imagine financial experts at the capital casting more than a weather eye in the direction of such a happy solution of where money might come from. And any bulky individuals who prefer to sacrifice pounds to pocketbooks might be wise to do a bit of reducing right away before the governmental ax falls.

Modern tax agents may not wait long before they start demanding "lose a pound of flesh—or twenty bucks!"

Taxing the "heavyweights" of the nation, as Dr. Carlson suggests, doesn't have anything to do with assessing prize-fighters in the high-poundage class—the Joe Louises and Buddy Baers of our fight-rings.

It means all the plain Joshua Joneses and Mary Smiths, who happen to tip the beam too violently to meet the weight requirements for their special physique—which includes not only height and age but general health conditions and body build.

The fat, short man may look like he's going to pay a whale of an assessment—but when the scales are read his lot may not be any worse than that of some taller people who don't look so heavy.

Husky gals with 36-inch waistlines probably will have to do some slimming or fork over a bit of dough as a penalty.

Dr. Carlson, as well-known throughout the nation for his individual ideas as for his professional distinction, gave an inkling of his novel way of raking in shekels for the nation in a recent address before a conference on public health at Springfield, Illinois. Later, in a special interview for The American Weekly, he elaborated on this.

"I am not a 'government-minded lawyer' as you quite well know," the doctor said. "I am, by nature, training and inclination—a scientist. Yet, I can forthrightly see the benefits to the government and yes, to national morale—and certainly to the 'fat' of the nation—which the levying of a fat tax would bring about.

"A government-minded lawyer might soon work out the financial details for this proposed new form of taxation. But I, as a scientist, am quite able and quite willing to explain why this proposed new tax of mine would be a good thing, both as a 'health and wealth' measure for our nation.

"Not only are we the 'biggest eaters' in the world. We are the world's 'worst eaters'. And judging by the claims for belts, massage machines, bath salts and drugs alleged to cure obesity, the numbers of our corpulent fellow citizens must run into millions.

"Obesity is an injurious luxury.

"And those who insist on having it, should, as well, be made to pay for it—that payment being, in addition, a fine, or tax, imposed against an individual carelessness and personal health hazard.

"Our representatives in Washington declare themselves at a loss to know where next to turn for monies to carry on their war-defense program.

"Let the government tax obesity at twenty dollars per pound, per head.

"Aside from the revenue which this tax would bring into the treasury, it should be as effective in stiffening our 'stamina' as any quantity or combination of synthetic vitamins is advertised to do.

"With cash, or without cash—too many people fail to grow, purchase and consume the necessary foods of an adequate diet. I wonder if a thorough understanding of the machinery of the human body and what it takes to run this machinery with efficiency and with freedom from avoidable tragedies, is not as important as familiarity with our country's history, our poets and our heroes of peace and war?"

The scientific fat-tax advocator then revealed that of all the nutrition surveys—federal, state and local—which are always going on, no one has bothered to check up on the overeating that leads to corpulence.

"And why," the doctor continued, "should we skirt this problem as though we feared to offend the possessor of the over-ample waistline? Just why is it we close our eyes to the self-indulgent food practices of the obese—and the attendant woes which they bring the individual, and subsequently, the nation—but open them wide in shocked surprise when we are confronted by the 'pencil-slim' type of malnutrition?"

The alarming spread and fakery of "fat-reducing remedies," the doctor claims, is all because too many careless people have grown portly, and a national survey of overweights should be made.

Early Romans had one popular, ever-ready "fat-reducing" remedy, which Dr. Carlson described:

"The ancient Romans who sought surcease at the flesh pots of Egypt are reported to have induced vomiting after excess repasts. I am certain, however, that that inane practice was less injurious to health than the modern one of stuffing and trying to take care of the resulting obesity by fat-liquidating nostrums—like thyroid extract, which check obesity only when they induce disease!"

And, believe it or not, there are glamour-girls of screen fame today who—perhaps just because they got their maxims mixed—"when in Hollywood do as those Romans did," at least once in a while. They must keep their pencil-slim figures.

But not so with executives of the movie industry. There are plenty of taxable fat men among the directors and producers—for they have no grim-lensed cameras to face.

These men, like most other persons who exceed the weight limit, may once have been classed as "jolly fats"—a term which undoubtedly will become obliterated from the language if the taxman comes along and says "pay up for your portly figure."

That is, unless Dr. Carlson's "wishful thinking" comes true.

"In time," he says, "I hope it will be considered a patriotic duty to maintain for oneself a normal weight level, and a disservice to his community and to his country, not to.

"And for those obese who will not be shamed into fat-reducing—as a patriotic duty—there should be, lurking round the corner, that girth-appraising gentleman who might in time be successful in changing their minds.

"I speak, you may have guessed, of the fat-tax collector!"

Back in his laboratories at the University of Chicago, Dr. Carlson told his interviewer that diet is strictly a matter of conditioning in early youth; that after one grows up, no matter what he may learn about foods, it's still difficult to break one's eating habits.

"We sit down to table with wool over our eyes," Dr Carlson phrased it, adding:

"Some of the world's greatest scientists, and as many distinguished physicians, are overweight—when they should know better. But if the scientist and the physician have, in their boyhoods, learned a fondness for country fried steak, potatoes with rich gravy and mother's crusty apple pie, they'll keep eating these same foods against their better knowledge and judgment, until obesity or something more serious, has caught up with them. And it usually does.

"After the age of forty, there is a decided tendency toward overweight in both men and women. The rate of burning food inside the body decreases gradually with age as do physical vigor and muscle tone. But, having established our eating habits prior to forty, we keep eating at the flesh pots of Egypt. Naturally we gain weight; become overweight—become obese.

"The carrying of this extra weight reduces the reserves in the heart; in the blood vessels; in the pancreas and in the liver. It brings on serious disease earlier in life; it brings on early death by corrosion of these vital links; and when a fat individual survives to old age, it impairs his or her mental and physical efficiency.

"Heavy-eaters frequently die from heart disease or high blood pressure. That isn't the whole story. The extra burden is put on the heart, as I've said; but also on the fat metabolism organism. The burning of fat requires an entire series of chemical reactions involving these mysterious chemicals called hormones.

"Tissues which produce these substances apparently can be exhausted by overwork—much as the steel cables in a bridge, under continual stress, crystallize and become brittle. We have, without number, examples in the body of chronical and irreversible injuries produced by physiological overstrain!"

The University of Chicago scientist then pointed out that one may become just as obese eating too many starches and proteins as he can eating fats. Too much of anything will build extra poundage but still remain a faulty diet. Perhaps there will be too little iron; too few vitamins or too little iodine, in the diet, which nevertheless will cause fat. The doctor wishes it to be plain that he does not crusade against fat as a food or against butter or lard.

"Too much of anything is just too much," he explained, and—smiling—"as too much love is certain to become a burden."

The obesity problem he defines as "excess energy over expenditure."

The overweight piles up his fat just as some people pile up extra dollars in the bank. But the fat man is a hoarder—he never spends anything, or at least doesn't spend enough to reduce his surplus. It takes a lot of work and exercise to wear down the extra pounds of avoirdupois but only a few checks to reduce a pile of sheckels. The only other alternative in the case of excess poundage is never to store it up in the first place.

"This increase over expenditure," the doctor said, "has been conclusively demonstrated through accurate scientific experiments on man. It has been proved that every type of obese person can lose weight by taking less energy in the food he eats as compared to the energy he expends, mentally and physically.

"That the obese person can eat less than the average and still remain obese, is not true," the doctor continued. "You cannot change the law of the conservation of energy."

Dr. Carlson's formula for taxing fat necessarily is sketchy. But he firmly believes the government—and their attorneys—should be able to work out a fat-tax system.

"Of course, other lawyers will say it is unconstitutional," the doctor said, "and it will go to the Supreme Court as a test case, to be sure.

"I see it as a convincing health drive," he continued, "and for this reason: if there isn't sufficient stamina in the individual to make him reduce, when the occasion becomes sufficiently serious, he will! And what is so serious as an onslaught on our pocketbooks for something which is, in reality, a luxury!"

One big inducement for the unlucky man or woman of excess avoirdupois who doesn't get it worked off before the collector's deadline might be a substantial rebate from the government if those pounds melted away—say in the first six months.

Doctor Carlson believes the overweight school child of five or six and on up should be taxable, just as are grownups, if for no other reason than to force parents to study proper food diets for the young; and as a parental penalty for the folly and injury to the child.

In the case of adults, Dr. Carlson would suggest the government fat-taxers give leaway of from ten to twelve pounds above the weight considered a normal one for the individual. "Because of size and weight of bones," he explained.

But he doesn't believe one usually inherits fatness.

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

RECONSTRUCTING A TYRANT OF PREHISTORIC TIMES

ONE of the gol'darndest jig-saw puzzles of all time has been put together at last. Almost 40 years were needed to figure it out, but scientists have now assembled the bones of the largest known lizard that ever walked the earth.

The painstaking work of reconstructing "Tyrrannosaurus Rex," to use the lingo of the paleontologist, began back in 1902 when an American Museum expedition headed by Dr. Barnum Brown found the remains of the giant dinosaur on a Montana hillside.

The carnivorous monster lived some 60 million years ago. Forty-seven feet long, 20 feet high, old Rex was a vicious tyrant, whose thundering and bellowing scared the pants, if any, off prehistoric Montanans, if any. Teeth that were six inches long ably bolstered his belligerent personality.

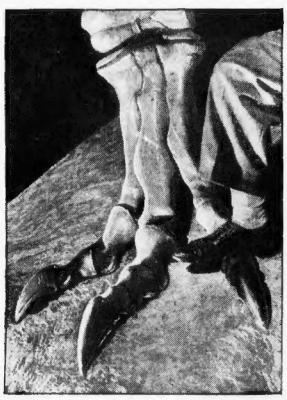
It took years of patient work to extricate the skeleton from the tomb where it had lain for millions of years. Each bone was taken out as carefully as if it were made of gold. Some of the bones were small. Others were massive. One weighed 4,250 pounds when encased in its protective plaster block for shipment.

Sixteen miles of road had to be built before Tyrannosaurus Rex could begin his journey to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Then the super-super jig-saw puzzle experts began their work. Many of the pieces were missing. Museums throughout the world had to co-operate in order that missing sections could be studied, and duplicated.

Int'l Photos

Even Though Scientists Have Only Gigantic Skeletons to Work With They Know That the Brute Which They Call Tyrannosaurus Rex Looked Like the Painting Above When He Was Boss of the Animal Kingdom Some 60,000 Years Ago.

The Photograph at the Left Shows Two Experts Painstakingly Putting Together a Fearsome Jigsaw Puzzle 47 Feet Long and 20 Feet High.



This Rebuilt 3-Toed Foot of the Giant Lizard Is an Almost Unbelievable Monstrosity When Compared With the Foot of One of the Men Who Rebuilt the Brute.

Bedridden Geniuses That Sickness Couldn't Lick

"Life is the possession of those who get up early."

IT'S a cinch that when George Bernard Shaw penned these glib words he forgot to take into consideration the bedridden geniuses of the world, men and women, whom even sickness couldn't lick.

Some of our best literary works have been written in bed. Illness and wracking pain seemingly have been no barriers to those with the will to succeed.

Among the great authors who created their masterpieces while confined to their beds was Marcel Proust, the eminent French writer who turned out his epic 15 volumes on "Remembrance of Things Past."

Proust, who suffered severe asthma attacks, had to live in a cork-lined, air-tight room in order to find some measure of relief. But despite his being a shut-in, he was never at a loss for a caller, for the literary great the world over beat a path to his Paris home.

Robert Louis Stevenson, whose "Treasure Island" every youngster loves, was another author who penned great novels in spite of illness. During one of his bed-ridden periods, he wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and during another, the "Child's Garden of Verses."

Stevenson suffered from such severe hemorrhages that doctors forbade him to aggravate his condition by talking. But even this handicap did not prevent him from turning out classics.

Samuel Johnson, who suffered from a half dozen serious ailments ranging from dropsy to asthma, became one of the greatest personalities of his time despite the fact that he was seldom able to leave his bedroom. Instead of his having to go to the world, the world came to him. A coterie of famous men surrounded him, including Goldsmith, the poet; Reynolds, the artist; Burke, the politician; Gibbon, the historian, and Garrick, the actor, not to mention the faithful James Boswell, who recorded virtually every word that Johnson uttered.

"DOWN BY THE O-O-LD MILL--"

BILL: Ow! Take it out and bury it!

HANK: Bury Joe. He's the sour one.

JOE: Listen, this shirt's so shrunk it would choke a canary off-key. Give me another chance—

"Down by the old—"

BILL: Awful! What you need is shirts with a "Sanforized" label. They never shrink out of size.

HANK: You know what the tags say—the fabric won't shrink more than 1%, by standard tests. And that's so little, it's practically perfect.

JOE: I want to get this perfect first—

"Down by the-ee—"

BILL: Stop! *You're* going down to the shop in the hotel and get a shirt marked "Sanforized." They have 'em in all makes and styles.

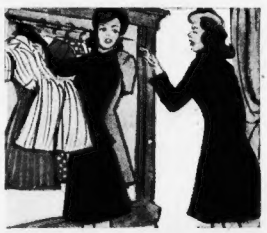
HANK: For no more than you usually pay.

JOE: Just a minute—*"Down by—"* Hey! *I'm* down—to a whisper! I'd better ask for that "Sanforized" label while I can still talk.

"HOW DID JOE SURVIVE?"

MARY: Fine. He came home looking fit as a fiddle in a shirt marked "Sanforized." Said it would never shrink out of fit!

JANE: Darling, you look as though you could do with a little "Sanforized" protection, yourself!



MARY: These don't say "Sanforized"—but the clerk says they probably won't shrink much.

JANE: Don't buy 'em! We'll keep looking until we *do* find the "Sanforized" label . . . and then we *know* they won't shrink out of fit!

JOE: "My village que-een . . ." You do look awful cute in that number, honey.

MARY: And it's going to stay cute . . . with a "Sanforized" label!

FOR PERMANENT FIT... LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

•SANFORIZED•
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

IT'S A LIVING

Midget Auto Racing Is a Well-Paid But Highly Dangerous Occupation, as the Photograph Above Dramatically Shows. The Driver Is Fred Friday Whizzing Around the Track in a Car That's on Fire. He Escaped With His Life But Was Badly Burned.

Few People Would Swap Jobs With the Daredevils Who Drive Racing Cars, Climb Church Steeples, and Otherwise Risk Their Necks—But the World Would Be a Dull Place Without Their Hair-Raising Antics

WANT to make $1 000 a month?
It's simple. Just crash a plane or drive a burning car over a cliff while movie cameras grind—
Or go over Niagara Falls in a barrel—
Or do a Steve Brodie off Brooklyn Bridge—

A score of promoters stand ready to pay you that kind of money—and you can keep right on drawing it just as long as you can drag yourself out of the wreckage in one piece, and do it all over again.

If you're willing to flirt with death, there are hundreds of ways of scooping in money.

Despite this ready cash, there are few takers. Only one in thousands is ready to swap jobs with the stunt man. Yet, psychological tests of some of the men who make their living by hazardous stunts show that they themselves do not regard their jobs as dangerous.

The majority of dangerous stunts call for split-second timing and faith in one's own ability to pull through unscathed. The so-called "iron nerve," usually attributed to death-defiers, is nothing more than confidence. Stunt men know their jobs thoroughly. Every angle, every possibility of a mishap, is taken into consideration before they go through their paces.

If they thought there was much chance of their stunts resulting in death, or permanent injury, they wouldn't go through with them.

These death-defiers are just as afraid of things—which they are not acquainted with as you are. You won't dive off a 150-foot tower into a tank of blazing gasoline-coated water because you figure you'll be killed on the first plunge. And you undoubtedly would be. So you applaud the man or woman who does it three times a day, seven days a week, and hardly musses a hair in the process. But if that high diver didn't have confidence, if he thought for one moment there was a half-chance of his missing the tank, he would never venture on to his narrow platform high above the gaping crowd. He is not afraid to make his death-defying plunge because to him it is not death-defying. But you are—because to you, it is. And if you don't think he is just as afraid as you are, try and get him to do some stunt in which he is not well-versed.

A daredevil who will drive a high-speed motorcycle on the ceiling of a circular motordrome a dozen times a day probably wouldn't do a steeplejack's job for any price. And the same steeplejack, who thinks nothing of dangling in a swing hundreds of feet above the street would pale at the thought of riding a motorcycle along a road at 90 miles an hour, much less across a ceiling.

Although the stunt man undoubtedly draws good money for his work, there are scores of other professions, some poorly paid, in which workers expose themselves to much more danger than the stunter.

Firemen and policemen in the big cities are constantly flirting with the undertaker. Unlike the stunt men, they can prepare for every expected contingency, and must meet danger as they find it.

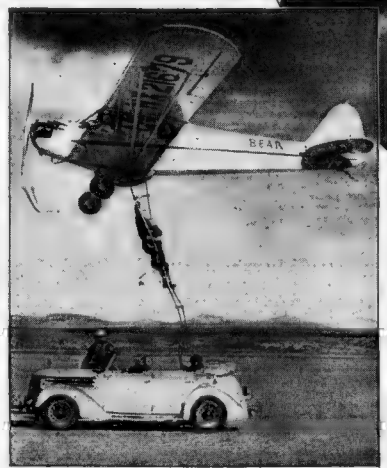
One seldom hears of a stunt man paying with his life—but firemen and policemen are dying every day in the line of duty.

Sometimes, however, the stunt man does slip up.

A recent case in point was the parachute leap in Colorado of a stunt man who wanted to land on the top of Devil's Tower, a flat-topped mountain. He knew he could guide his parachute to a safe landing without danger to himself—and did. But had he known that he would not climb down that mountain, and that he would nearly die of exposure and starvation before he was rescued by expert mountain-climbers, as was the case, he probably wouldn't have made the jump.

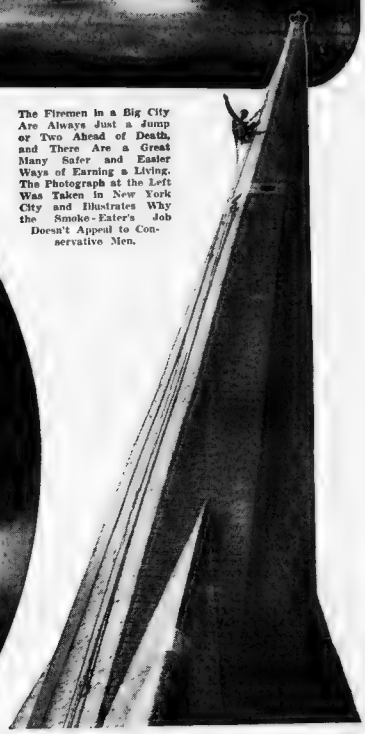
One of the most hazardous jobs is that of the bridge-rigger, who works at dizzy heights, weaving and lashing together the cables that support the gigantic spans. A big bridge is never constructed without at least a dozen workers plunging to their deaths.

In the world of sport, one of the most dangerous of jobs is held by high-speed auto racers. Although they take every precaution possible, racers, like firemen and policemen, cannot prepare for the unforeseen and must rely on their steady nerves to save their necks and their jobs.



There Is Good Money in Doing Such Stunts as Climbing Out of a Speeding Automobile Into an Airplane, But Applicants for the Job Are Few and Far Between.

The Firemen in a Big City Are Always Just a Jump or Two Ahead of Death, and There Are a Great Many Safer and Easier Ways of Earning a Living. The Photograph at the Left Was Taken in New York City and Illustrates Why the Smoke-Eater's Job Doesn't Appeal to Conservative Men.



Only Men With Iron Nerves Get Into the Steeplejack's Risky Trade.

Trains in the Sky?

MORE than one American expert in aeronautics believes that the day is not far off when sky trains made up of powerful air liners pulling strings of motorless gliders will be a common sight.

Prominent among these forecasters is Hawley Bowlus, of Van Nuys, California. Mr. Bowlus is a pioneer in motorless flight. He knows what Germany has done with gliders and sailplanes and the remarkable use that the Nazis made of these engineless aircraft in their assault upon the island of Crete. He says that the Russians have already flown as many as 21 gliders behind one plane.

If Mr. Bowlus sees the future accurately it won't be many years before such aerial trains will be dropping off gliders carrying passengers and freight in this country.

A Few Experts, Like the Man Above, Spend Their Lives Filling Their Mouths With Tea and Spitting the Stuff Out—But It's a Living and a Good One.

Jockeys Do All Right for Themselves, Too—Even in the Mud—But Most of the Country's Racing Fans Do Not Envy the Little Fellows Their Jobs.

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

MERCY FLIGHT

by H. Vernor Dixon

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

"Well, Hon', I See by the Papers You Got Yourself Engaged," Said Frayne to Sue. "Congratulations. And Now You Expect Me to Pick Up My Rival and Cart Him Back to Your Waiting Arms. Isn't That the Idea?"

When Two Airmen Love a Glamour Girl and She Tempts Fate With an Emotional Lie, What Happens? You'll Find the Dramatic Answer in This Gripping Romance Complete in This Issue

IT TOOK a bad crash in the Arctic Zone, somewhere above the 74th parallel, and a bald-faced lie on the part of one of the principals to turn the trick, but those two facts were responsible for a complete change in three lives. If John Buckner had not been forced down, or if Susan Thomas had not given way to her emotions, the story might have ended differently, even badly. People can manage to bail up their lives over the silliest reasons and it is quite often that little if any that is responsible for straightening them out.

With Susan and John and even Michael Frayne it was very much that way. There was pride there, with all three of them, and a little hatred too, between John and Michael. Perhaps it was because they were so basically different, or because they were both in love with the same girl, but whatever it was it was as real as today's dawn. There was no love lost where they were concerned.

In the beginning, of course, the whole story was just another one of those things. "Flyer Lured Down in Arctic. Rescue Looks Hopeless." Headlines on the first day, because of the spectacular nature of the crash almost at the South Pole, but that was to be the end of it. There was no glamour in the name of Capt. John Buckner nor anything about the man's life or personality that was particularly newsworthy. He was well known in flying circles as a sort of patient, plodding, trail-horse, and he was even slightly known to the public at large. But he was not prominent enough to boost circulation.

The story would, in the nature of things, have slowly died away to the back pages and perished there. Until it was suddenly learned that Capt. Buckner had been competing with the famous Michael Frayne for the hand of society's most glamorized, streamlined and publicized deb, Susan Thomas, and that Miss Thomas had chartered an amphibian and was already winging her way to Kodiak, Alaska. That changed the character of the whole set-up and placed Buckner's name on the first pages.

Susan was news and Michael was news. John, you might say, was caught between them, and so he became news.

Take a girl like Susan Thomas. Good family background, plenty of money floating around and a penchant for following the seasons and even observing the hours at swank night clubs. Then add a really beautiful smile, coal black hair luxuriantly draped about slim white shoulders, wide, deep-set eyes, cameo-cut features and a slim, curvaceous body that has everything. Throw in a mess of photographers, a press agent, a constant stag-line and that elusive something known as personality and you have a name repeated over and over so often that it makes news—Susan Thomas.

Then take a young fellow like Michael Frayne. Clean-cut, tall, slim, sandy hair, with a square chin and candid blue eyes and a pleasant manner that everyone liked. Also throw in money, family and all the rest of it. So far so good, but news value creeps in after that.

Three years in the Army Air Corps, an unexplained resignation and then the purchase of one speed plane after the other and records bowling over like ten-pins. Coast to coast dashes, border to border, a hop across the Atlantic and back—of which no pilot should be without one—Bendix trophies and plenty of pylon cutting at the Cleveland National. Mix all that up with the same mess of photographers and reporters and you have another name discussed over the nation's breakfast tables: Michael Frayne.

Put Frayne and Thomas together—they were raised together, in fact, and you have the answer to an editor's prayer. Then toss in a sort of dark horse like Capt. John Buckner and an Arctic crash and you have the stuff that makes extras and sells papers. Buckner was caught in a web of publicity and paper selling. In twenty-four hours he was famous. Not that his new fame was of any help to him. He was still as lost as ever, above the 75th parallel.

The public had a field day with all the juicy little elements of the story, but there was one fly in the ointment; Michael Frayne could not be found for a statement. He was not at his home in Florida, his ranch in California, nor the ancestral manor in Boston. He was not making another record-breaking flight in his souped-up pursuit plane, as some airport would have had word of him and none had. He was not playing polo, a sport he had virtually abandoned in favor of flying, nor was he barging around in night clubs. He simply could not be found.

MICHAEL Frayne was stretched out flat on his back on the tile floor of a beach house on a tiny island hideout off the coast of Florida. His speed plane, now on floats, rocked peacefully at anchor in a small cove and there was nothing to disturb him but the radio.

He clasped his hands behind his head and listened. The latest news was on the air. The Army had despatched utility amphibians to Alaska to attempt a rescue. They had landed only a few moments after Miss Thomas, who was now safely at Kodiak. The last note of the broadcast was a sorrowful one: Capt. Buckner had still not been heard from and his position was unknown.

Michael flicked off the radio and thought, "what the devil. She's gone to him and that lets me out. He sure must have handed her a line. But, anyway, I hope they find him."

Then he sat up and began fiddling with the short wave. It might be possible to pick up Kodiak. The more he thought about it the more excited he became.

* * *

Two radio operators huddled close over their intricate apparatus in the protective warmth of the shack of Kodiak Bay and covered Alaska and the Arctic Zone with their signals. Sgt. Monte Lewiston tapped out a steady A and N signal for the direction finders of any planes that might be on their way up from the States, while rugged Joe Murphy, operator in Alaska for ten years and loaned by a charter outfit for the emergency, tried to contact the missing airman.

His voice droned on and on in that peculiar monotone affected by radio operators the world over; "Calling John Buckner, Kodiak calling Buckner. Come back, please. CAVU at Kodiak. John Buckner. Come back, please. Try your key. Hear me? Try your key and come back, please."

He turned the switch to reception, leaned back in the hide-covered chair and lit a cigarette. His tired gray eyes swung to the Army man and he said, "It's a waste of time, Bud. Last I heard from him was above 75, ice on his plane an inch thick and a cyclonic disturbance crossing his path of flight. Not enough gas to go around it and losing altitude every minute. He's down above 75 and that means quits in this country."

Sgt. Lewiston, a much younger man with no knowledge whatever of the Arctic, failed to agree with him. "He's got a chance. Our boys'll be taking off any minute, now, to pick him up. This weather's damned cold, but it ain't so bad."

"Say, Bud, you got a lot to learn. It's okay here, sure, but get a load of this." He snapped the switch on another set and called Anchorage for weather. The reply came back, "Ceiling zero, visibility zero. Socked in tight. Snow with hail." An operator at Nunivak Island reported, "Winds aloft at 4,000 NWbyW 62 m. p. h. Arctic cyclone crossing. Temperature 22 below F." The last report was from Nome; "Ceiling 200, solid overcast approximately 23,000 feet in depth. Bad icing conditions. Intermittent squalls may clear on the coast, but no chance to get through."

Joe Murphy ran a hand over his mouth and said, "You see, Bud?"

Sgt. Lewiston gloomily shook his head and glanced out the frost-covered window at a parka-clad figure hurrying up the path from the bay. "Anyway," he said, "that gal of his thinks he has a chance. Wish I had a babe like that rooting for me."

"Don't worry, you ain't likely to."

Susan Thomas, in a fur parka burst into the radio shack with the pilot and co-pilot of her amphibian and all the Army officers crowding about her. She introduced herself to the operators, a totally unnecessary formality, and nervously shot questions at them while lighting one cigarette on another and throwing them away as fast as they were lit.

Joe Murphy bluntly told her, "He's down in the wrong spot, ma'am. Nothing but ice fields up there. Even if the weather was right he couldn't be reached."

She strode about the room, the men giving way to her, and asked, "Do you think he is still alive?"

Joe shrugged. "Can't say. Don't know enough about him."

"Then maybe you had better learn. He's no spectacular flyer like—like Michael Frayne, but there's no pilot in the air can touch him. He has been flying for the Army ever since the Army had a plane."

"Okay, lady. Then maybe he's alive. But I'm telling you he's not gonna be rescued. I know."

Flight Commander Herb Miller, a raw-boned young man with a red face and large hands, also did not hold out too much promise for his rescue. "Frankly," he said, "I doubt very much if we get away from Kodiak. John is a friend of mine and God only knows I'd like to go after him, but it'd be plain suicide to leave the ground in weather like this."

SUE but at her lips, with a faraway look in her eyes, and Comm. Miller turned to study Murphy's weather reports. The other officers also looked them over and Sue saw them tragically shake their heads, as if condemning Buckner to death. The general concensus of opinion was that if a rescue plane headed north it would never be heard from again.

Sue could contain herself no longer and cried wildly, "Can't anything be done, anything at all? You just can't sit here."

Comm. Miller uneasily looked away and asked Murphy, "Do you know Buckner's position? Any idea where he came down?"

"Nope. All I know is he's above 75. I'd say about halfway between here and the Pole."

"Didn't he give his meridian position?"

"Look. When a man's fighting ice, Buddy, he's right busy. Maybe he gave it before he crashed, but nobody picked it up. Suppose you tell me why he was messing around up there in the first place."

"Reconnaissance," Miller grimly replied. "The Army is going to set up stations in Alaska. Buckner was chosen to make a weather survey of the region. We'll need that information."

"You Army guys are nuts. What could one man accomplish?"

"You don't know Buckner."

"I guess not, but I'm learning."

An orderly stepped in with the information that a house had been secured for the temporary residence of the officers. Sue went along with them. They followed the orderly to a low, compact building on a hillside overlooking the bay and covered with icicles. Inside, however, it was warm and comfortable, although a bit crowded. A seaplane had arrived from the States with reporters aboard and they had already taken over the main room.

When Sue entered they made a wild scramble for her and fired questions with machine-gun rapidity. She answered them with an ease born of long practice, but paled and stammered when one of them asked her if she knew where Michael Frayne was hiding.

"I I really don't know. Mr. Frayne doesn't confide in me."

One of the men chuckled and said, "where do you get that muster stuff? You two kids were raised together. Did Buckner beat his time?"

Perhaps it was the way the question was put, or perhaps the stress of the moment, or even an emotional let-down, but whatever it was Sue icily replied, "Capt. Buckner, gentlemen, is my fiance."

The men blankly stared at each other for a moment, then poured out of the room in a mad dash for the radio shack. In less than an hour the news was on the streets the length and breadth of the nation. It had been known that the captain was competing for her hand, but not that they were engaged. The additional information gave a more romantic twist to the situation and women the country over wept sympathetically.

But the information was also news to Comm. Miller, somewhat startling news. He got Sue into a room, alone, and said, "Funny that John never said anything to me. He used to talk about you all the time, you know. If you had been engaged—"

Sue stiffened and her round eyes grew larger than ever. Then suddenly her reserve broke and she collapsed into Miller's arms and sobbed, "What difference does it make—now? John always wanted me to marry him and I did admire him and respected him a lot, but he's almost forty and I'm only twenty and somehow—" The hot tears came and Miller patted her back and said, "Now, now," and she finally straightened and said, "I'm all right. Thanks. I was just thinking of him up there in all that ice—"

"Then you're not really engaged to him?"

"No."

"Miss Thomas, I'm glad you told the reporters that. If John knew—Well, I know it would make him happy. But suppose he is found?"

"I don't think it would be any hardship to go through with it."

Comm. Miller sharply glanced at her, but said nothing. They sat down and lit cigarettes and Sue asked, "Isn't there any chance, even the slightest, of reaching him? There must be some way—"

Miller fixed his eyes on the floor and shook his head. "I'm afraid not. Aside from the weather, which prohibits any sort of flying, we don't even know where he is. That's big country up there. You know, there is only one pilot in the world who would even think of taking a crack at it."

There was silence in the room for a moment and then Sue breathed, "Michael Frayne."

"Right. Maybe he could do it. I don't know. Perhaps if you asked him—"

"Oh, no, I couldn't. We—we had an argument."

"What does an argument amount to in a situation like this?"

"But you don't understand. When Mike was in the Air Corps he was assigned to John's squadron. You know how John is, life begins and ends with the Air Corps. With Michael it was different. He was just out for a good time, looking for adventure in it. So, naturally, he and John tangled and Mike resigned his commission because of it. He tried to pass it off as a joke, but underneath he despises John."

"Maybe not that bad."

"It is, though. They have no use for one another. Then, to aggravate matters, I met John at an officers' ball, with Mike, and after that saw him frequently. He began calling on me."

"And the argument?"

"Well, as I said before, I respected and admired John and I guess I threw him up to Mike too often as a sort of model. He had a real purpose in life while Mike was like a dog chasing its own tail. I even told him so. Unfortunately, John had once used that same expression to him and so Mike hit the ceiling and we had an awful row. If it had only been over someone except John—"

Comm. Miller paced the floor for a moment, then paused before Sue. "Too bad Frayne is the one man in the world who might stand a chance to get through. But that's the way things go."

It was during that long Arctic night, while everyone was asleep except Joe Murphy, that word came through from John Buckner. The message was brief, hardly more than a disturbance in the static, but it was a message. "Down in ice fields," it stated. "Plane

(Continued on Page 18)

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The Mystery of THE FAIRY TALE MURDER

No. 4 in The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

Baltimore's 20-Year-Old Puzzle of the Real Life Little Red Riding Hood and the "Wolf" That Killed Her and Vanished, Without Leaving a Trace

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

THIS week the ghost of a child is again troubling Duncan's Woods, a tangled thicket of scrub oak, alder trees and sumac in suburban Baltimore. Not many people walk in Duncan's Woods today, though on all sides of it there is busy life, but always on Washington's Birthday some will venture in it so long as the sunlight lasts, reminded by Baltimore papers that the day is also the anniversary of the troubling story of a little girl, Clare Stone.

Exactly twenty years ago trouble would have been a mild word to use for a happening that disturbed the sleep of millions, turned the waking hours of many into a nightmare and tarnished with failure the reputations of city and state police and other law enforcement officers, including two men whose names are legendary in the history of detective skill in this country. Worst of all was the state of nerves aroused by that story throughout the countryside, when it needed only a slight spark to set off an explosion of passion in the largest mob that ever thirsted for blood in an otherwise humdrum American community.

Clare lived with her parents in a two-story suburban house at 3163 Elmora Avenue, less than a mile from Duncan's Woods. Although she was only eight at the time her story electrified the world she looked four years older, but she had the charm of a kitten, especially when she smiled, as she did often, and a sunniness lit her lips, cheeks and half closed her gleeful eyes.

No matter what schoolbooks the day's lessons called for, Clare always took along with her a much thumbed volume of fairy tales, and of all the pages in the book the story of Little Red Riding Hood showed the most wear. With pencils and crayons Clare had gone over and over the colored picture of the little girl in that story, entranced by the red cape and hood most youngsters know so well. She had even nagged her mother into buying her a red cape and a tam-o'-shanter of the same color for her mop of glowing yellow curls.

To everyday eyes the tallest oak and the densest thicket in Duncan's Woods is only scrubwood, but to Clare it was authentic fairyland. She used to go there in her red cape and hat and revel in her favorite story, except that she seemed to give no thought to the wolf in it.

It was in her favorite costume, too, that she set out for school on the morning of February 21, 1922. She was a bit late and her mother put pennies in her hand for carfare, saw her to the door of their home, kissed the child and told her that after school she would have to hurry home if she wanted to help in the baking of a cherry pie for the family's Washington's Birthday dinner.

Pennies clutched in her hand, Clare waved good-by at her mother, waved again to a neighbor who as usual saw her enter Vanderhorst Lane and take that shortcut toward school. The neighbor was Leroy Frey, who had a coalyard in the lane and who liked the youngster. Vanderhorst Lane is only about a block long. But another neighbor who always saw Clare emerge from the lane on the way to school did not see her that morning. Several schoolmates of Clare's, who usually met her at the end of the lane, also missed her that day.

Nor did she show up at school. By four-thirty in the afternoon Mrs. Stone went around making inquiries and by five she was frantically telephoning her husband, a stationary engineer in a factory nearby. By six the neighbors were searching for Clare. At seven the police went into action.

They had only wild speculations and hysteria to go by. But all Baltimore was aroused by them. Telephone, teletype and radio spread the alarm to other states. Newspaper presses roared out the story.

Someone remembered that a troop of gypsies had camped in Duncan's Woods recently, and ramshackle caravans drawn by bony nags were thrown into panic as police and burly civilians, rifles and revolvers in hand, went through every van like cyclones and frightened the gypsies into hysterics with their probing.

Few in suburban Baltimore slept that night. Among those who were so affected by Clare's disappearance that he could not rest was Frederick Weidner, an elderly carpenter. In the morning, Washington's Birthday, his son, Adolph, would not let his father join the hunt for the child and made him take a stroll with him in Duncan's Woods instead.

The father was walking a little ahead of Adolph when suddenly he went white. "What's that on the ground over there!" he cried. Adolph went forward and saw a book, which he picked up. "Why, dad, it's nothing but a fairy tale." He saw the book was open at a familiar story.

There were other books strewn on the ground near by, Clare's schoolbooks. Then Adolph caught a glimpse of something red outside of a thicket of shrubbery. It was a tam-o'-shanter.

Adolph plunged into the thicket, shouted, "Dad, run and phone the cops!"

Motorcycle Policeman John Hendricks came first, followed by squad cars of detectives.

On the ground at the foot of a gnarled oak lay the body of Clare, her red cape twisted about her, her small underclothes torn, her legs curled and stiff with death. Her yellow hair was matted with blood.

In the top of her skull was a bullet hole.

An ambulance rushed her to a police station where medical examiners and detectives went to work. There was no question about the cause of her death, a .38-caliber revolver bullet. She had been dead about eleven and a half hours. But aside from her torn underclothing there was no indication that she had been violated. She must have been carried into Duncan's Woods, however, for there was no mud on her brown shoes, as there would have been had she walked.

"To Clare Stone Dreary Duncan's Woods Was Authentic Fairyland and She Was Little Red Riding Hood. Only She Gave No Thought to the 'Wolf' Until It Struck—And Left Her Crumpled Body at the Foot of Her Favorite Tree."

Clare's Usual Route to School Led Along Belair Road Then by a Shortcut Through Vanderhorst Lane. She Was Seen to Enter the Sinister Lane That Fateful Morning 20 Years Ago But Her Schoolmates Waited in Vain for Her to Emerge.

Nor were there any footprints or tracks visible in the springy turf to indicate how she had come there or who had brought her.

When the news spread, mothers everywhere snatched their children home from play outdoors and clamored to their husbands to do something. The men grew jittery trying to figure out where to strike and at whom. City, county and state police worked with competence but with no success.

The last man, excepting the killer, to see Clare alive was, as I have said, Leroy Frey, the coal dealer whose yard and office were suddenly full of men. Frey was a father of two children of Clare's age, had enjoyed the respect of the community and was agitated at Clare's tragedy. But he was known to be fond of the child.

He was questioned endlessly by the police. They made it clear, eventually, that the man was innocent of any crime. Yet there was such hysteria about the mystery that Frey's place was overrun, and his business suffered seriously.

Which, however, left the hunt for Clare's murderer where it was before. In Duncan's Woods literally every leaf had been turned over for clues. The child's pennies for carfare were found, two on the ground, the rest caught in her matted hair. Every inch of the woods was dug up, all sorts of rubbish was sifted—the refuse of the gypsies' camp and of many picnickers, but not a clue. For miles around the ground was gone over by swarms of police and volunteer hunters for anything that would point some direction for the hunt—in vain. Rewards were offered but all were unclaimed.

Ten thousand people went to the child's funeral. It was not only morbidity that brought them there. Mothers stood by the grave, weeping. Men bit their lips with frustration.

A call went out for the best detective talent in the country. William J. Burns, one of the country's most famous detectives, and Wilham J. Flynn, who had reorganized the New York City police, came to Baltimore and put their minds to work on the Clare Stone case.

But they could accomplish nothing.

People began to shake their heads. What manner of murderer was it they were dealing with? Or could the bullet have been a spent one from the gun of a careless marksman?

Suddenly a piece of news shot like lightning out of a sky dark with thunderheads. A 22-year-old drugstore clerk with a pock-marked face and a dim, distraught look in his pale eyes walked up to Sergeant John E. Tighe in a crowded Baltimore street and said dully: "I killed Clare Stone."

The sergeant looked him over.

"Now, son, you musn't talk that way. You'll get yourself arrested or maybe lynched!" he said, glancing uneasily at the crowds about him.

"I'll show you where I hid the revolver in a coal pile in Vanderhorst Lane," the clerk muttered.

The famous William J. Burns was among the police who questioned him at the various places where he took them to substantiate his confession. A strong detail of police with submachine guns stood watch while he dug in a coalpile for the revolver he said he had hidden there. The guard was not because of danger from the drug clerk but to keep in check the mob who wanted to get at him.

No revolver was found. Not a single thing he had said checked true when all the police power and talent on the case tried to help him make his story good. They finally decided that the man's vivid imagination was fired with the need to feel important, even if he had to risk his life to do it.

Burns went back to Washington embarrassed with failure. William J. Flynn went back to New York just as embarrassed.

A seething crowd eager to lay hands on the fiend who kept their wives and children terrified so long as he remained unknown and alive, surged around the Baltimore police station soon after.

Two more men had "admitted" the murder, but in the end were let go free.

One after another individuals "confessed" to the crime. Real criminals, convicted of similar offenses in neighboring states were put through inquisitions on the slender chance that they might have had something to do with the death of Clare Stone. Every such effort dissipated into thin air.

Months, years passed. On every Washington's Birthday Baltimore newspapers print reminders of the Clare Stone mystery. Millions of minds have tried to imagine the look in the eyes that last took in the child, the expression of the face that bent over the body just stilled in death.

Today a superhighway runs past Duncan's Woods. But the woods themselves are as they were twenty years ago. It is a mystery why Duncan's Woods is not built up with homes as bright looking as those all around it—unless it is because people dislike to share an abode with the shade of a little child.

So Great Was the Horror and Rage Aroused in Baltimore by Little Clare's Death That Over 10,000 People Attended Her Funeral, Vowing Vengeance They Never Were Able to Fulfil.

Golden-haired Clare Stone in the Red Cloak Like That of the Heroine of the Fairy Tale, and Which She Was Wearing the Day She Was So Strangely Murdered.

Watch For

THE CASE OF THE ROMANTIC ROGUE

The amazing saga of the train robber who broke OUT of an "escape-proof" Federal penitentiary standing on his head—in order to break INTO another so his wife could die happy.

No. 5 From The American Weekly's Casebook of Famous Crimes.

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

RIDIN' TRAIL BACK to the OLD WILD WEST

With Old Scout Murphy

When the First Railroad Pushed Its Way Across the Western Plains, Trains Stopped to Allow "Gentlemen Hunters" to Have a Go at the Herds of Buffalo That Roamed Along the Right-of-Way. This Wanton Slaughter Helped to Reduce Them Almost to the Point of Extinction.

JUST about eighty-two years ago the first of the daring Pony Express riders put spurs to his horse and dashed away in a cloud of alkali dust on the first lap of the grueling 2,000 miles of wild and wooly West with its bad Indians, outlaws, mountain blizzards, raging streams, stifling deserts and wilderness that lay between the Mississippi and California.

It was the beginning of the era of the gambler and the hurdy-gurdy girl, the badman and the gunfighting marshal who blazed their way with six-shooters through the hell-roaring frontier camps. About the only law was a rope on a Vigilante's saddle.

The story of those colorful, dramatic days has been written for readers of The American Weekly by Frank Murphy, who roamed our last frontier for more than half a century as cowboy, Indian scout, freighter and buffalo hunter "when there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith."

Bunch th' gals an' circle round,
Smack yur feet until they bound;
Swing along th' two-bit whirl,
While another feller grabs yur girl.
—Old Hoe-down.

CHAPTER VI.

Belles of the Bad Lands.

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

THE OLD Gem Theatre was the hub of the merry-go-round of miners, gamblers and hurdy-gurdy gals in Deadwood. When I was there dealing faro bank in Bedrock Tom's place there was a better show put on by the spectators out front in the Gem than I ever saw back of the kerosene footlights. The real acts were written in lead and blood, with no rehearsals, no encores.

The Gem was run by a fellow named Al Swarenger. The stage was at one end of the room. One corner was a bar. When the show was over chairs were shoved to one side, fiddlers resined their bows, the floor was cleared and the all-night hoe-down was on.

Along the sides of the room were boxes. As soon as the curtain dropped, the dancehall gals made a run for them. The fellows in the boxes always had money and don't you think the belles of the bad lands couldn't spot a man with a fat poke. The more he spent the more they got to slip down their stockings.

Every box had a curtain. They always were drawn when the show was over, so we didn't get to see much but you could hear plenty, and once in a while we'd get in on the last act when a chair or a girl would come sailing through a box curtain. Sometimes it would just be a scream and a pistol shot.

Upstairs were rooms. There was more drama there. Sometimes it was murder; sometimes suicide when a girl found herself bogged down in the pitfalls of Deadwood.

Running the Gem a close second was the Bella Union. It was the same sort of combination dancehall, theatre and saloon, curtained boxes and all. Bill Nuttall ran the Bella Union.

Theatrical performers were a scarce article on the frontier. Most anybody who could thump a piano or sing a few songs was sure to get billing. A couple got off the Deadwood stage one day and hunted up Nuttall.

"We're a song and dance team," the man said. "How about puttin' us on?"

"I'll try yuh. But yuh better be good. Fellers here don't mind shootin' a performer if he's too bad."

The newcomers went on. They didn't have much of an act, but the crowd stood for it. The man knew how to bang out a few tunes on an old square piano. The woman had a be-spangled sort of an old ballet costume that she wore while she sang a couple cracked-voice songs and hopped around in a dance step or two.

Nuttall was about ready to fire them one night when a man walked in, looked around, and picked out a seat in a dark corner. The performers went through their act.

They were just making their bow over the footlights when the spectator got up out of his chair and leveled a pistol at them. He pulled the trigger and a shot plunked into the rosewood piano behind the couple. The man had missed.

Before he could fire again the piano player straightened out of his bow with a six-shooter in his hand. One shot dropped the man in the audience.

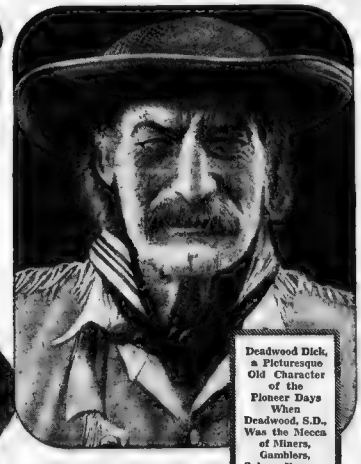
The crowd was used to gunfire, but it didn't figure on the next act. The woman jumped over the footlights and clawed her way to the side of the wounded man.

She slipped her arm under his head and started to cry:

"Oh, darling, you can't die this way."

Poker Alice, the Mystery Woman of the Bad Lands. A Better Poker Player and Faro Dealer Than Most Men, She Never Touched "Hard Likker," Considering It Bad for Business, But Was Seldom Seen Without Her Black Cigar.

"The Performers Were Just Making Their Bow When a Spectator Chair and Leveled a Pistol at Them. He Pulled the Trigger But Missed. "Before He Could Straightened Out of His Hand. One Shot Dropp "The Crowd Was Figure on the Next Act Footlights, Slipped Her Head and Started to C



Deadwood Dick, a Picturesque Old Character of the Pioneer Days When Deadwood, S.D., Was the Mecca of Miners, Gamblers, Saloon-Keepers and Hurdy-Gurdy Girls.

The fellow managed a sickly smile and just nodded his head as he beckoned to a couple of men in the circle around them.

"This woman's my wife." The words came hard and everybody could see he wouldn't last long. "That feller I tried to kill took her away from me. I follered 'em all over th' West. I came here tonight to kill him, but he got me instead. I'm done for. Reckon that's part o' th' game."

He stopped and gasped for breath a couple of times before he could go on.

"There's one thing I ask yuh boys to do for a dyin' man. Git a preacher an' make that ——— marry my wife right here before yuh touch my body."

"You bet! Yuh can sure count on it!" half a dozen voices shouted.

Somebody ran to find a preacher.

The wife sat with her dying husband's head in her tinseled lap. The man who shot him walked up and stood at his feet, but it wasn't his turn to talk. He shot in self-defense all right, but he knew the crowd didn't like the play.

In a few minutes a man rushed back into the Bella Union. A preacher, with his little book in his hand, hurried along behind him. I reckon it was the first and last time a preacher ever set foot in the place.

Everybody moved back to make room. A doctor got down in the sawdust and put his fingers on the dying man's wrist. Around the strange group stood a ring of dancehall gals, miners, bartenders and gamblers. For the first time since the Bella Union opened for business there was no clinking of glass, click of cards or a rough song.

Pretty soon the doctor dropped the wounded man's wrist.

"He's finished," he said.

The wife bit her lips and got up.

"Is this the man?" The minister looked at the stony-eyed piano player. The fellow took a couple steps to the woman's side. Their feet were pretty near touching the dead man's body. There still was blood on her hand when he took it in his.

The preacher cleared his throat and opened his book. There was something about being gathered there in the sight of God. It must have been God's first visit, too.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" He went on about keeping the holy bonds of matrimony. Then, "I pronounce you man and wife."

The crowd shuffled out. There was no celebrating that night at the Bella Union. The newly-wedded couple dropped from sight. The dead husband was buried in Boot Hill.

Next to Calamity Jane, one of the most famous of the Deadwood belles was Alabama Jane, a good-looking, dancing gal who came to the Gem with a show troupe. She took a fancy to Deadwood and stayed.

Al Swarenger put her to work rustling drinks in the boxes. She drank as much as her customers and was wilder than a locoed longhorn when she got loaded, which got to be a pretty regular habit with her.

I saw her on many a rampage, leading a pack of men, all as drunk as she was, her long hair flying and her black eyes snapping. They'd make the rounds, the Green Front, the Bella Union, the Gem, Bedrock Tom's, all of them.

"Set out th' glasses an' fill 'em full," was her greeting when she trooped into a saloon.

Every night was her night to howl, it seemed like, and her bunch generally managed to scare up a fight before it was over. Alabama always was right in the middle of it, swinging her fists or popping heads with a bottle if she could get her hands on one.

Calamity Jane grew up in the West and was just as hard as the country. But Alabama was born in the South and didn't have Calamity's staying power. Drinking and fighting as a regular thing was too fast a pace for the battling belle from Dixie.

She was a terror while she lasted, but a couple years of it finished her. She took sick and died.

It was like Calamity said to me once: "Yuh sure gotta be tough to live in this country."

Poker Alice was another one. Her name tips

True Rip-Roaring Tales Told From Memory by One of the Last Survivors of the Trail-Blazing Era, When Bad Men, Worse Indians, Express Riders, Gold-Hunters and Settlers Wrote the History of Our Plains in Blood and Punctuated It With Bullets

Got Up Out of His
Fire Again the Piano Player
Bow With a Six-Shooter in His
t the Man in the Audience.
sed to Gunfire, But It Didn't
The Woman Jumped Over the
rm Under the Wounded Man's
"

"Cattle Annie," Famous Woman Outlaw of the West, Who Was a Crack Shot With Both Rifle and Pistol.

you off to her. She was a poker player and a crackerjack at it, too. She was smart enough to know that hard drinking and gambling for high stakes didn't make a paying combination, so she kept her eye on the cards and let the other players do the elbow-bending. But I don't remember ever seeing Poker Alice when she wasn't chewing and puffing on a long black cigar. She stuck to her gambling and steered clear of the dancehalls.

The first time I met her was in Scooptown, a town in the Black Hills that later changed its name to Sturgis.

Poker Alice always was a sort of mystery woman of the bad lands. She didn't have anything to do with the other women in the camps and her only dealing with men was across the card table, except for Grasshopper Jim, a fellow she lived with.

Most of the time I knew her she was working for one of the gambling houses in Deadwood, playing poker or dealing faro, playing them close to her chin and smoking her cigar. She outlasted most of the old-timers, living to be nearly eighty years old before she died at Rapid City, South Dakota.

Madame Moustache, a Frenchwoman, was another famous character who cut a swath through the old frontier camps.

When she was young she was a beauty, with shining black hair, red lips and a pair of eyes that sparkled like the Big Dipper on a Wyoming Winter night. The only thing that spoiled her good looks was a little fringe of fuzz on her upper lip. I reckon you wouldn't have noticed it if it hadn't been black. Anyway that's how she got her name. The older she got the bigger the moustache grew.

She landed in San Francisco by boat when the gold rush was in full swing. Men were getting rich overnight and gambling houses were cleaning up.

Madame Moustache was smart. She struck out for the gold camps and pulled up in Nevada City, not far from Grass Valley, where Lola Montez was knocking the boys loose from their nuggets and their hearts. The Frenchwoman opened up a place and began digging her gold with a "twenty-one" game. For a while she raked it in faster than the men were in the diggings.

But women like her were as bad as the men for pulling stakes and hitting the trail whenever they heard of a new strike. So Virginia City got her when the rush to Washoe started. About that time Madame Moustache began hitting the bottle pretty steady. And "twenty-one" wasn't the only game she played either. Her places got to be like all the others.

From Virginia City she blazed her trail to most of the frontier camps as soon as they opened up. She hung out her sign in Alder Gulch, Montana, when it was having its "man for breakfast every morning." I crossed her trail there and again in Cheyenne and later in Deadwood. She was losing her beauty with the years and the pace, but she wasn't all bad.

There was one time when a bunch of young fellows rolled in to Bannack, Montana, peddling a wagon-load of farm truck. Madame Moustache bought a stock of provisions.

"Come on in, boys, an' get a drink," she told them.

They were just kids. It was the first time any of them had been in a place like hers. They took in the bar, eyed the sober-faced men at the gambling tables, snickered over their glasses of wine.

Some of the girls trooped down from upstairs. The boys had their pockets full of butter-and-egg money and looked like pickin's just ready to fall off the vine.

"Hi, yuh, sugar." One of the girls sidled up and slipped an arm around the biggest boy's neck. The kid's face turned the color of one of his own beets. He spilled his wine and backed away, too plagued to say a word. His companions were getting the same rush from the other gals and they all backed toward the door, getting ready to run, when Madame Moustache spotted the play.

"Hey you—" she yelled. "Git away from them fellers an' let 'em be."

The gals scattered like a covey of flushed prairie chickens.

"Now git over at that piano an' sing some nice songs, if you remember any. You'll show them fellers a good time, but it won't be your regular tune."

Well, the girls performed all right. Yes sir, they put on an entertainment fit for a Sunday School picnic, but I reckon the boys still were a little puzzled about the ways of wild women when they hit the trail for home that night.

Madame Moustache struck Bodie in its boom days, but she wasn't a spring fry any longer. She had to take a back seat to the younger gals.

I reckon playing second-fiddle after all the years she had been head lady was too much for her. She'd been the belle of the barrooms too long. So nobody was much surprised when they found her dead one morning with an empty poison bottle beside her.

THERE was a woman of another stripe who made a name for herself in that country in a different sort of way. She was Alice Sterling, a miner's daughter and straight as a string. She lived with her father in a little mining camp near Whisky Flat in California.

Two brothers, Fred and John Stewart, moved into the diggings, staked out a claim, and started to work. Fred was a good-looking fellow and it wasn't long before he and Alice took a shine to each other.

After courting the girl for a while Fred popped the question and they set a day for the wedding. Alice's kind was pretty hard to find in those days. And Fred was a hard worker, too, so both of them were just as happy as a pair of meadow larks over the plans they were making. Of course, Fred didn't sprout any wings. He could take it straight and neat, as the saying goes, and could protect his stack in a game of monte or poker with the best of them.

A few nights before the wedding he set out for an evening with the boys and wandered into a saloon where a poker game was in full swing. There was a pretty tough customer in the game, a gambler by the name of Bill Hammond. Everybody knew Hammond was a tricky hand with the cards, but that was a chance you took in any gambling game and it didn't keep many of us out. It didn't keep Fred out that night, either.

The game was soon going against Fred. Every time he held a good hand and raised, Hammond would top him with a better. Fred glued his eyes on Hammond's hands when the next play came up. He bet, Hammond called. Again the cards in the gambler's hands were high and he reached out to pull in the stack.

"Not this time, Hammond," Fred grabbed the pot. "Yuh're stealin' that an' yuh're not gittin' away with it."

The gambler leaned back in his chair and pulled his hands slowly to the edge of the table.

"Stewart, you're callin' me a thief. No man—"

"Yuh're damn right I am. I saw yuh flip that card—"

Hammond's hand dropped to his belt. A pistol roared across the table. Stewart slumped back dead.

The killer ran to his horse and was miles away before the camp knew what had happened. John Stewart hit the trail after him at the head of a posse of five men determined to avenge his brother's killing.

There were no tears in Alice Sterling's eyes. Women in those days didn't go in much for weeping. But there was plenty of bitterness in her heart as she watched the group of miners lower the body of the man she was to marry into his grave.

The woman part of her nature cropped out in the days that followed. Each morning she would slip up the canyon where the wild flowers were thickest. When she came back her arms were always loaded with golden poppies and white daisies. She kept her sweetheart's grave covered with blooms. I reckon Alice had some talks with herself every time she knelt to spread out the flowers but they were words that no other living person heard.

One day a few weeks after the killing four members of the posse rode back to camp. Alice was the first to meet them, but she didn't say anything.

"No, Alice, we didn't get him," one of the men

(Continued on Page 16)

Hard on the Heels of the Miners Came a Swarm of Parasites Eager for a Share in the Golden Bonanza. This Rare Old Sketch Shows an Early and More Decorous Frontier Dancehall Than the Wide-Open Ones in the Boom Towns After the Real Rush Began.

Pearl Hart, Woman Bandit Who Tried to Hold Up the Benson, Arizona, Stagecoach. From the Rose Collection.

Now IF EVER IS THE TIME TO SAVE

Storm sash means heat loss common to all homes and buildings. Let annual fuel savings (up to 50%) pay for storm sash or round com- fort in just a few short years.

HERE'S HOW CHAMBERLIN CAN SAVE YOU MONEY!

WEATHER STRIPS
CALKING
DOOR-SEALS
INSULATION
STORM SASH

WHAT TO DO FIRST
To all homes But

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP CO.
1765 LAFAYETTE DETROIT, MICH.

Monthly Terms 12 to 36 Payments

WIN CONTEST MONEY

FREE!

ENDEAVOR PRESS
Dept. AW 2-7 18 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

BELLES OF THE OLD WILD WEST

(Continued from Double Page)

explained. "We trailed him clear over to the Greenhorn Mountains. We split up there, following two trails that led up a canyon. John and Gore went one way. Th' rest of us went the other. When John didn't show up we started hunting for 'em. We found 'em both dead, shot through the back. We hunted around a few days more 'til th' trail washed out. Our grub was runnin' short and we had to come home."

Alice didn't say a word, but they saw her go up to that mound on the hillside a little while later.

When old man Sterling got up next morning she was gone. There wasn't a track that an Indian even could follow.

"That gal's been grievin' a heap more'n she let on," an old miner said. "She's jus' the sort to go up in th' hills an' kill herself, she was that wrapped up in Fred."

Days rolled by but Alice didn't come home. Her father and the rest of the miners gave her up for dead.

Bill Hammond laid low in his Greenhorn Mountain hideout for a couple of months. Then he tramped out and headed for the settlements of Nevada. Once in a camp he was soon back at his old tricks at the card table.

It wasn't healthy for fellows like Hammond to light long in one place, so he spent a lot of his time on the move.

One day about three years after Hammond shot Fred Stewart he was sitting at a card table in a saloon at Pioche, Nevada. He had trimmed a lot of suckers since that night and was still getting away with it.

A bedraggled woman shuffled into the barroom. Nobody paid any attention to her. She was ordinary-looking. You saw a lot of that sort without giving them a second look. She peered around the room until her eyes fell on the group of men at the card table. She studied the faces a little while, then walked slowly to the back of Hammond's chair.

Suddenly she pushed back a shawl that covered her head and shoulders. Her hand whipped out of a fold in the wrap, holding a cocked pistol.

"Bill Hammond!" Her voice was a wild screech. "You've rigged your last deck!"

The pistol blazed. A forty-four slug tore through the gambler's back before he could turn round in his seat. As her sweetheart's slayer fell to the floor Alice Sterling raised the gun to her own head and pulled the trigger again. She dropped dead over the body of the man who had ruined her life.

The Old Gem Theatre in Deadwood Where Many of the Best Acts Were Put On by the Audience With Real Bullets, Real Blood and No Holds Barred. Some of the Real Life Actors Failed to Survive the Rehearsals.

For three years Alice Sterling had stalked her prey through the rough mining camps, sometimes only a day or two behind him, before she finally caught up with him to settle the score in her own way.

A lot of the women of the Old West were just as handy with a shootin' iron as the men. There was "Cattle Annie," the famous woman rustler with the Doolin gang. She was a fightin' fool with five notches on her gun.

Pearl Hart started out to be a gunwoman like Annie. But she bungled her first job—the holdup of the Benson stagecoach. That is, she and a pal robbed the coach all right but the next morning the sheriff walked into her hideout and ended her career right there and then.

But that was a day of chances. Everything was a gamble. You gambled on your luck in the mines. Your life was in the pot every time you went out where the Indians or road-agents could get a shot at you.

"Deadwood Dick" Clarke was another famous character of those days. He was an old Pony Express rider, had been a scout with Custer and was about as picturesque a figure as you'd see anywhere in the Black Hills.

THE Pony Express riders had a heap of Indian trouble.

One time when things got pretty bad the settlers decided the Indians ought to be taught a lesson once and for all, and sent out a call for volunteers.

Recruits for the Indian war poured in from all the camps, Virginia City, Silver City, Genoa, and Carson City. A little over a hundred men rallied in no time. But it was a ragtag and bobtail outfit. The fighters had plenty of courage, but the leadership was poor.

Major William Ormsby took charge and the little army struck out for the campaign from Virginia City in high spirits. "An Indian for breakfast and a pony to ride" was the fighters' battle cry as they trudged off toward the Truckee River, the camping grounds of the rampaging redskins.

About three miles from the south end of Pyramid Lake the river canyon widens out into a broad meadow. When they got there Ormsby made the same fool blunder an army colonel made when I was an Indian scout with the Fifth Cavalry on the Smokey Hill River in Kansas. Both of them led their men right down a gulch into a trap.

Old Scout Murphy, the Author, as He Looks Today, and With the Heavy Old Forty-four He Carried Through Those Perilous Days While the West Was Being Tamed.

It was late afternoon when Ormsby's men marched into the meadows. The lowlands was dotted with sage-brush. Clumps of cottonwood trees lined the stream bank.

They were half-way through the meadows when a scout, riding ahead, rose up in his stirrups and pointed.

"Look! There they are!"

Sure enough, over a rise to the right of the fighters, but out of rifle range, was a row of war bonnets.

"Dismount and tighten your saddle girths," Ormsby ordered.

The men cinched up their girths, took a look at their guns, and swung back into their saddles.

Ormsby yelled the order to charge. With a war-whoop thirty of the whites headed their horses for the Indians' battle line. The rest of the outfit straggled along behind the leaders.

At the first move to attack, the Indians' heads dropped out of sight. Ormsby and his men galloped up to the point where the redskins had been. There wasn't one in sight. It looked like the ground had swallowed them up. But ahead of them on the next ridge another row of painted warriors showed up. Like the first bunch, they were just out of rifle range.

Well, Ormsby didn't have to wait long to discover his mistake. Before the men had a chance to form a battle line or even retreat, bullets and arrows began singing out of every sage-bush around them. The meadows was a bedlam of blood-curdling war-cries.

The Indians had them surrounded. The whites were strung out for an easy kill. It was every man for himself. Every time a group headed for a clump of trees for cover they found the Indians had beat them to it. They just got close enough to the trees to make a good target. Then the Indians let them have it.

Ormsby tried to rally his men, but the battle was lost. Back over the trail they went, running a gauntlet of hot cross-fire. Brave men, all of them were, but now as scared as a herd of stampeding cattle.

The Indians were knocking them out of the saddle right and left. As the whites fled the redskins pressed close on their heels. When a horse tired or was wounded a Piute rode up beside him, grabbed the rider out of the saddle and hurled him to the ground for the yelping savages close behind to finish.

Oh, a lot of the whites fought to the last breath when it came to a hand-to-hand battle.

One of them, Bill Spear, dragged an Indian down with him when he was pulled from his horse. Spear had lost his pistol. It was a fight to the death with bare hands. Back and forth over the trail they rolled, galloping horses flying around and over them.

At last Spear got his strong fingers around the Piute's throat. Just as he had the fight won some more Indians rushed up and split his head open with tomahawks.

For miles the running fight went on. At one place where the trail wound along the canyonside two hundred feet above the river an Indian stopped to look at the body of a white man.

The corpse suddenly came to life, snapped a pistol at the Indian, and grappled with him.

Talk about the Indian fights you see in the movies. You should have seen this one. Each one was struggling with everything in him to throw the other one over the rocky precipice. It was certain death in the boiling river below.

Right up to the edge they'd roll, but neither could break the other's death-clutch. I reckon the white man knew he was done for so he tried to drag the Indian over the brink with him.

He was about to make it, too, when more Indians pitched in. They broke his grip. Half a dozen of them heaved his body into the rocky canyon.

At every narrow point on the retreating trail the fleeing men had to run through a heavy fire of bullets and arrows. Half a dozen bodies were piled up in each pass before the slaughter ended.

An Indian who was in the fight told about it later. It wasn't very complimentary to the whites, either.

"White men all cry heap," he said. "Got no gun. Throw um away. No wanta fight any more now. All big scare same like cattle. Run, run, cry, cry, heap cry, same like papoose. No want Injun kill um any more."

Major Ormsby led his men into a trap all right, but he was no coward. He paid for his mistake with his life. He saw there was no chance to rally his men, so he fought a brave rear-guard battle.

He made his way a few miles out of the meadows. Then his saddle turned. He was hurled to the ground. Close behind was the Indian pack. In the bunch was one he knew.

"Don't kill me!" he shouted, holding up his empty hands. "I'll

(Continued on Page 24)

WAR NEED for everyone in military, naval or civilian life!

STERLING SILVER IDENTIFICATION Locketag

(With secret compartment for photo and messages) Pat. Pending No. D105085

● Nothing like this anywhere—at any price! A handsome piece of sterling silver jewelry that fits any wrist! More than an identification tag, it's a distinctive personal keepsake—with a compartment for photo and message of loved ones! A luxurious emergency need for every man, woman and child. Also a thrilling gift for every boy in the service—something to remember you by!

ONLY $3.95 (Plus 10% Federal Tax) complete with sterling silver chain

SPECIAL OFFER Name & address hand-engraved FREE!

Send $3.95 (plus 40c Federal Tax) in money order or check, or we will send C.O.D. Clearly print name and address to be hand-engraved on LOCKETAG. Money back if not delighted!

Address: Palmer Jewelry Co.
Dept. A, 532 Madison Ave., New York City
"Established 30 years"

Be envied for a Skin that's Lovely!

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—based on advice of skin specialists!

"I'M SO GLAD I went on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! It really works for a lovelier skin!" So says this charming bride, Mrs. William K. Engelhart, of Miami, Fla.

You, too, may find new loveliness with this thrilling beauty treatment. For, like so many women, you may be cleansing your skin improperly or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough. Remember, skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—it's milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps tested.

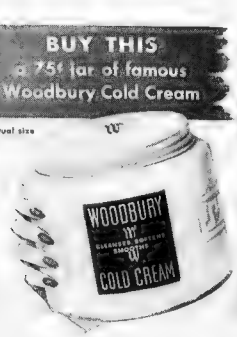
The Camay Mild Soap Diet is so easy. Try it for 30 days. Faithfully, night and morning, give your skin a thorough beauty cleansing with milder Camay. Then as the days go by greater loveliness may be yours!

Tonight—start the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

A Beauty Bargain—HURRY!

BUY THIS a 75¢ jar of famous Woodbury Cold Cream

2/3 actual size



2/3 actual size

GET THIS FREE a 50¢ bottle of Woodbury Hand Lotion

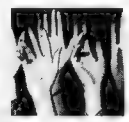
Hurry! For a limited time—you get a big 50¢ bottle of Woodbury Lotion (to help keep hands smooth and white) FREE when you buy a 75¢ jar of famous Woodbury Cold Cream. This cream helps keep many a Hollywood beauty's complexion extra lovely—so stock up! **A $1.25 value for 75¢!**

All right, then, don't!

DON'T LISTEN TO US!

Maybe your ears aren't cocked to hear *us* say *Modess is softer*. Maybe you think: "Of *course* they'd say Modess is softer—they *make* it, don't they?" . . . All right then—forget *us* if you want to!

BUT WHEN 10,000 WOMEN TELL YOU—



Won't you listen, then? More than 10,000 women in a nationwide test* compared Modess with their regular napkin. And 3 out of every 4 voted *Modess softer*—softer than the napkin they'd been buying!

PRICK UP YOUR EARS

Doesn't this startling verdict make you wonder if you've been missing out on extra comfort? Doesn't it make you want to scamper out to buy Modess and find out about softness for yourself?

AND JOIN THE CHORUS!

We think you'll be cheering along with millions of Modess fans . . . applauding Modess as the softest, most comfortable napkin you've ever used. If we're wrong, just return the package insert slip to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N.J., and tell us your objections. We'll refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N.J.

3 out of every 4 voted

Modess softer

THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Riddle in Red

By Jonathan Stagge

(Concluded From Last Week)

XXIX

INSPECTOR COBB did not reply when Grace Salter, naming the Judge, David Rowley, Mrs. Rowley and herself, asked him which he was going to accuse of the murder of Norma Hale and the attempted murder of Karen.

Instead he felt in his pocket with deliberation and brought out the two empty brass cartridge cases. He laid them down on the table. Then he produced from his vest pocket two pieces of paper—the note which had lured Karen to the sap-house and to the first attempt on her life, and the note which Dawn had written me about the excellencies of ships-in-bottles. These too he placed on the table.

Then he turned to me. He was smiling wryly. Before I had any inking of what he was going to say, he announced:

"I think it would be kind of better if Westlake himself took over at this point."

I had not expected to have the emphasis of attention shifted to me at that most dramatic of moments. It was rather grueling to feel the extreme interest of eight pairs of eyes concentrated upon my face. But I knew what had to be said. I might as well carry on with Cobb's story and say it.

"There are only two important points Cobb hasn't mentioned," I began. I gestured at the cartridge cases and the notes. "They both have to do with these things on the table. Cobb said I went to the barn last night because I'd found something that had a significant bearing on the taxi driver's death. That's true. But he hasn't told you what it was I found. It was one of these empty cartridge cases and I had found it earlier in the brazier which was alight at the side of the body."

I told them then how my discovery of that cartridge and the Coroner's men's discovery of the second one up in the loft altered the entire aspect of the second murder. I explained how the shot which had sent us all running to the barn had not been the shot which had killed the taxi driver but had merely been the explosion of a bullet tossed into the brazier at some earlier time. I explained how the large barn doors had deliberately been left open so that the shot would be bound to bring everyone to the scene, while, when the actual shooting had taken place a good twenty minutes earlier, the doors had been closed, muffling the sound almost to inaudibility.

"It's obvious, of course, why the murderer planted that second bullet in the brazier. He had been hoping to have us accept the death as a suicide, but in that instance just as in all the others, he provided himself with a second line of defense. If we suspected murder—which we did—he wanted us to assume—which we did—that the second shot fixed the time of death. By giving himself an alibi for the time of the second shot, therefore, he honed to put himself beyond possible suspicion.

"The plan would have worked if he'd been able to remove either one of the empty cartridges. But, unfortunately for him, the cartridge from the real shot slipped between the floor boards in the loft and he lost it, while he never had a chance to retrieve the one from the brazier."

I paused, wondering if I sounded as awkward as I felt.

"That," I said, carrying on with Cobb's pattern, "tells us something else again about the murderer. He has to be someone who had a good alibi for the time of the fake shooting and no alibi for the time of the real shooting."

Karen shot a brief smile of relief at Oliver. She must have realized that this point eliminated him once and for all from suspicion.

"The murderer had bad luck then," I said. "He had very bad luck at one other stage too—just after he had made his first attempt on Karen. Cobb told you that the taxi driver happened to see the murderer stretching the wire, which later killed Norma, between the two locusts. He's told you how, when the taxi driver learned that Norma had been murdered, he realized that the person he'd seen stretching the wire was the criminal. Cobb told you that. But he hasn't told you the circumstances under which the taxi driver learned that murder had been committed. He learned it from my daughter Dawn when he came to my office, while I was out, to have his burnt hands fixed.

"It was right there in my office that he suddenly realized he had stumbled upon the biggest blackmail opportunity of his career. And we know what his first action was. Dawn actually helped him do it. He asked her for paper and pencil and he wrote a note. He tried to persuade Dawn to deliver it for him here at Fallowfield, but she wouldn't. Consequently, right away, he left my house and came here to deliver that note himself."

I picked up from the table the scrawled, note which had summoned Karen to the sap-house.

"Until now," I said, "we assumed that this note was the note which the taxi driver actually wrote in Dawn's presence. It was very dumb of me to assume that, because if I'd thought, I would have realized that it could not possibly be the same note."

I fluttered the little scrap of white paper. "You see, when Dawn told me all about this, right after it happened, she told me that the paper she'd given the taxi driver had been a sheet of the gray stationery she'd received as a present from her aunt. Gray! It was only after I'd received a note myself from Dawn last night that the whole thing came back to me."

I picked up the gray sheet which my daughter had used for her disquisition on ships-in-bottles. "As you see, the paper the taxi driver used to write his note was gray; the paper on which this note which lured Karen to the sap-house was written, is white. In other words, it's a fake note—a note written by the murderer which has no connection whatsoever with the taxi driver."

THEY were all listening with a concentration that was almost painful. It was Karen who asked:

"Then the real note—the note the taxi driver wrote in front of Dawn, what was that?"

"We'll never know," I said. "Obviously the murderer had enough sense to destroy it as soon as he got it. But it's not hard to guess what was in it. The taxi driver wrote it immediately after Dawn had told him Norma's death was murder. We know his blackmail propensities. It's almost inevitable that the note he wrote was a note to the murderer—telling him that he had proof of his guilt and summoning him to a rendezvous to discuss terms."

"And so—" there was a look of slowly spreading horror on Karen's face—"and so the murderer somehow stalled the taxi driver, told him, maybe, to wait in the barn here, and—and faked that other note as if it had been written by the taxi driver and had me go to the sap-house..."

"To your death, as he hoped," I concluded. "Exactly, Karen. It was simple enough, of course. He knew perfectly well that you'd have no idea what the taxi driver's handwriting looked like. All he had to do was to make a convincingly illiterate scribble and he knew you'd rush up to the sap-house. As you said, he'd stalled the taxi driver somehow and had hurried up to the head of the quarry to get there before you. It was dark. There was no chance of your seeing him. All he had to do was to push you over the edge.

"Once again, he was hoping to have your death look like an accident. But even if that failed, he knew we'd all assume it was the taxi driver who'd pushed you. It couldn't have been more ingenious. Unfortunately for him, you dropped the note on the front door step in your hurry; Mrs. Hale found it. In consequence, we were not only able to save you; we actually have the note in our possession and now we can prove unquestionably that it was a fake."

Cobb, his eyes very wary, was listening to me in a silence which indicated approval. The rest of them had reached a pitch of uneasy tautness which made me feel uncomfortable myself.

"Okay," I said. "That tells us the last important fact we have to know about the murderer. He wrote this note." I held up my hand. "Three things now. The murderer had a perfect alibi for the time of the fake shooting of the taxi driver; he had no alibi for the time of the real shooting; he wrote the note. Of course, the writing on it is disguised, but it will be possible for handwriting experts to take samples of all your writings and identify the murderer."

I paused, wondering with a sort of strange pity what sort of a hell one of the people in front of me must be going through. I looked at them all in turn. I added quietly: "Well, how about it? Does the murderer feel like confessing? It would save me the trouble of going on."

Persis gave a little stifled cry. The Judge, his shoulders stooped, his eyes fixed on nothing in particular, seemed plunged into some far away reverie of his own.

Persis said sharply: "And you say it's one of us David or Grace or the Judge or myself. That's crazy, I say. Absolutely crazy."

"Crazy, if you like, Mrs. Rowley, but true. How about it?"

There was complete silence.

"Okay," I said. "Let's get this thing over with then. The murderer had a perfect alibi for the time of the fake shooting. Let's take that. The Judge and Mrs Salter were together out in the meadow. Now, if one of them had been the murderer deliberately arranging a perfect alibi, he'd have done better than that. A husband and wife together outside in the darkness, hardly a hundred yards from the barn! That sort of an alibi would never hold in court where lawyers could point out the obvious fact that husbands and wives have been known to lie to protect each other. As for Mrs. Rowley she had no sort of alibi at all. She was merely sitting alone in the living room here."

"Is This the Truth, David, Tell Me," Said Mrs. Rowley Quietly to Her Husband as Cobb Named Him as Norma's Murderer.

It was coming now. I steeled myself to face an ordeal that was not to be my own ordeal.

"But you, Rowley," I said quietly. "You had the most classically perfect of alibis. When that shot rang out you were alone in the house with me—with Doctor Westlake, the nearest thing to a representative of the law that you could lay your hands on."

Under the close-cropped, boyish blond hair, David Rowley's face went even whiter than it had been before. But he did not speak.

"The next point," I said. "The murderer had no alibi for the time of the real shooting. Now I happen to know exactly when the real shooting took place because I heard the muffled report of the shot and thought it was a car backfiring. At that moment I was [illegible] yards from the threshold of the barn door and I saw Persis Rowley [illegible] fixing the Christmas tree. She has a perfect alibi. As for Judge and Mrs Salter, the last moment they were [illegible] they were not alone. Mr and Mrs. Hale were with them. They too had a perfect alibi."

Once again, I paused. "It is you, Rowley, no one else, who were. You were supposed to be fetching more decorations for the Christmas tree. When you

(Continued on Page 21)

NEW! FASCINATING!

The Cheese Cook Book!

186 excellent cheese recipes for appetizers . . . main dishes . . . salads . . . sandwiches . . . breads . . . pastries . . . desserts!

27 beautiful color illustrations! Practical ideas for budget meals! Party suggestions!

. . . FROM KRAFT . . . only 25¢

This is not only an exciting and valuable cook book! It's an *important* cook book!

Cheese is one of the "protective foods" that help build strong Americans. It's rich in milk protein, milk minerals, food energy! It's an excellent source of vitamin A! The Cheese Cook Book will give you *dozens* of unique recipes that help you put *more* of these protective nutrients into the family's meals.

The recipes were created and tested in the Kraft Kitchens under the direction of Marye Dahnke, the country's foremost authority on cheese cookery. Women from coast to coast have heard Miss Dahnke's lectures on food, have seen her fascinating demonstrations of cheese in cooking. In The Cheese Cook Book she gives you her very choicest recipes.

The book pages are 7" x 6". They are smartly bound in a stiff, water-resistant cloth cover. Not sold in stores; available only from Kraft, and for only 25¢, a remarkably low price! Send for your copy today.

ORDER with this coupon

Kraft Cheese Company, 500-E Peshtigo Court, Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed is 25¢ in coin for my copy of "The Cheese Cook Book."

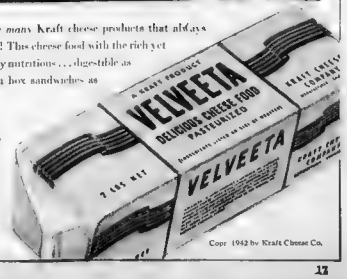
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

MAGIC *Cheese Sauce with* VELVEETA

Velveeta is just one of the *many* Kraft cheese products that always melt and toast to perfection! This cheese food with the rich yet mild cheddar flavor is *notably* nutritious . . . digestible as milk itself. Perfect for lunch box sandwiches as well as hot dishes.



Rich yet Mild cheddar flavor

PASTEURIZED!

Copr. 1942 by Kraft Cheese Co.

Which is your one worst skin trouble?

OILY SKIN
FLAKY SKIN
TINY LINES
DRY SKIN
BIG PORES
BLACKHEADS
?

Read How My New 4-Purpose Face Cream Helps Bring Back Your Smooth "Baby Skin"!

by *Lady Esther*

Look at your skin closely in the mirror. To itch it gently with the tips of your fingers.

Is it a soft, fresh, young-looking skin? Does it feel satiny and smooth to your touch? Or is it dry and coarse—a bit flaky—marred by blackheads and big pores?

The cause of many skin troubles is an accumulation of dirt, stale make-up, dead skin cells—lodged firmly in the mouths of the pores. My 4-Purpose Face Cream is scientifically designed to *clean out* the mouths of the pores—remove the rancid accumulations—cream away the dry, dead skin flakes.

My face cream serves not one, but *four vital needs of your skin.* That's why it seems to end skin troubles like magic.

You see, the skin is a living, reproducing organ. Under the surface layer, a new, fresher layer is constantly growing. This is your newborn skin, your "baby skin." By softening and removing clogging tissue, my 4-Purpose Face Cream gives this soft new "baby skin" a better chance to show itself!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream! It does all these four vital things for your skin every time you apply it: (1) It thoroughly, but gently, *cleanses* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin, relieves dryness, flaking. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores of your skin. (4) It *smooths* your skin, prepares it beautifully for powder and for make-up.

Send for Generous Tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of Lady Esther Face Cream! Try it as a flattering powder foundation in the morning—as a cleansing and softening cream at night. See in your own mirror why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

LADY ESTHER, (903)
7184 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 9 shades of face powder. I enclose 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(I'm also interested in Lady Esther [illegible])

Read The American Weekly Regularly—There's No Other Magazine Like It.

(Continued from Page 12)

complete wreck. Little food. Badly hurt. Approximate position 76—" Static killed the rest of it.

But the short message electrified the world and lights began twinkling on all over Kodiak. Sue and Miller, with all of the Army officers, hurried to the radio shack and for four hours sat by Murphy's side while he again tried to pick up another message. Nothing happened.

"Probably," Murphy said, "he had just enough juice to get that out and no more."

Weather reports, however, continued to pour in and all of them were bad. Comm. Miller listened to them, his fists clenched tightly at his sides and the knuckles white. "If only it would let up," he raged. "Just for a few hours. All those good planes down on the water and I don't dare take one off."

Sue anxiously watched him her face drawn and tired, and then she resolutely got to her feet and stepped to Murphy's side. "Would you mind," she asked, "sending a message to all radio stations in the States and ask them to call for Michael Frayne." Say just that Susan Thomas needs him."

Miller spun about and stared at her and Joe's tense features parted in a wide grin. "Main'am!" It's practically on its way. That lad's a real pilot."

He turned back to his set and Comm. Miller took Sue's arm and asked. "Do you think he will come?"

"I don't know. But don't you think it is worth trying?"

"I certainly do."

An hour and a half later, while they were having breakfast with the reporters, a radiogram arrived from Michael Frayne: "Dust off the icicles, Toots, I'm on my way."

Sue had to turn away from the table to hide the tremendous surge of relief in her eyes, but Comm. Miller caught the expression. He glanced down at his plate and frowned and swore under his breath. Sue's expression had not been hard to read. She was too obviously in love with Michael Frayne.

There were frequent messages after that, when Michael landed at New Orleans to refuel and, much later, at San Pedro. After crossing the U. S. he headed north up the coast at a 300 m.p.h. clip and settled briefly at Seattle.

It was there that the newspapers picked up the "Mercy Flight" idea and played it to the skies. Michael only shrugged and would say nothing. As soon as his bullet-like plane was serviced he roared off the waters of Puget Sound and headed into the face of a storm that was sweeping in from Bering Sea. For hours there was no word of him and then came a flash that was typically Frayne: "Hi y Kodiak, wake up. How does it guy from in this country without lights? Frayne calling Kodiak. Out of bed, sleepyheads. Give wind and direction, you bugs. Frayne signing off."

Sgt. Lewiston gave him wind and direction and the entire population of Kodiak turned out to watch the two silver planes flash overhead like a meteor, its twin floats gleaming like curved scimitars, and then to tumble down in a wide arc toward the bay. The floats spatted across the water then settled, the engine again barked into life and in a few moments the plane was on the beach with a dozen willing hands holding it.

Michael achingly crawled out of the cockpit, every bone in his body groaning in protest, his eyes red-rimmed and his fingers shaking so badly he could not hold a cigarette. But he was smiling.

He patted Sue's arm, who was self-consciously grinning at him, and went with her up the path, practically leaning on her. He said. "Nice country you have here, sweetheart. But is it dark all the time? Where I come from it's supposed to be high noon."

MERCY FLIGHT

THERE was a lump in Sue's throat and she could not reply. It would have made no difference as the engine was still roaring in Michael's ears and he could hear nothing.

They went into the crowded radio shack, where Michael wolfed down coffee and sandwiches and pounded at his ears to kill the motor. In half an hour he could converse with the others and was given all the data, by shouting and constant repetition, on all that had taken place.

He half-glanced at Comm. Miller and said, "Friend of Capt. Buckner, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Heard him speak of you. Why haven't you gone after him?"

A fire blazed in Miller's eyes for a moment and then subsided. "It's not because we don't want to," he said, "there isn't a pilot here that isn't praying for flying weather."

"I apologize. Forget it."

Michael looked over the circle of faces, then turned to Sue as if they were the only two people existing in the world. "Well, hon', I see by the papers where you went and got yourself engaged. Congratulations. The vanquished bows out with good grace and all that. And now you expect me to go pick up my rival and cart him back to your waiting arms. Isn't that the idea?"

Sue's features froze. "Michael, please —"

"Okay. But that's why you wanted me to come up here, isn't it?"

Their eyes held for a long moment and Sue nodded, but it was one of those unyielding nods. "If you would, Mike."

He looked away from her and his mouth twisted into a wry smile. "What a set-up," he mumbled. "But I always had a hunch I'd be pulling a dumb trick like this some day. Sure, hon', I'll go get him for you—if I can."

Sue sat down in a chair, hard, and closed her eyes. Comm. Miller, who had been standing near her, walked away and stared out a window. He knew what she was fighting, deep inside, and he had no taste for the situation. Pride, he thought, and stubbornness. Good Lord!

Michael lightly patted Sue's arm, then turned away from her, all business. "All right," he said, "no use wasting time. Buckner has been up there, now, for five days. If he is still alive there is no time to be lost." He pulled his chair over to the radio and leaned over the back of it, looking at Murphy. "You say he's above 75?"

Murphy nodded. "Yeah. He started to give his position, beginning with 76, but got drowned out with static. So he's somewhere along the 76th parallel."

"I see. But you have no idea where. Murphy, give me all the weather reports for that area at the time he went down."

The two bent their heads over them, then drew a rough map of the Arctic Zone with the weather prevailing at the time of the crash.

Michael studied it closely, put his finger on the map and said, "Here's how it is. There was a cyclonic disturbance at about 75N and 155W. Now, he reported one crossing his path, so we will assume that was the one. He had to be north of that and a little east to have it get in his way and cause trouble. We'll say he was about 77N and 150W. With the prevailing winds at the time I would figure—placing myself in his position—that it would be better to throttle back and head west to let the storm go by, rather than burn gas trying to race around it.

"Then, with ice forcing me down, I'd go just as low as I dared and take a chance on getting rid of it. Evidently it didn't work and he went right on down to a crack-up, he still can't be any further west than 155. In other words, gentlemen, Captain Buckner has to be in the area bounded by the parallels of 75 to 77 and the meridian positions of 152 to 155. That is still a lot of country, but it does narrow it down."

COMM. MILLER nodded and said. "I think you're right, Frayne." Then he asked Murphy, "What sort of country is that?"

Joe Murphy gloomily answered. "Ice. Nothing but ice. There might be some open water, but I doubt it at this time of year. You couldn't land up there if you wanted to."

"Well," Michael said, "I'll see about that when I get there."

"You're really going?"

"That's right. Commander, will you have someone service my plane and put in an emergency kit? Just in case, you know—"

"Be glad to."

All the men hurried out to lend a hand and Murphy went on the air calling for weather reports from all over Alaska. Sue crossed the room to join Michael and as the reports came in a fearful light crept into her eyes, a light almost of hysteria. Michael noticed it and said that the reports were not as bad as they seemed.

"No," Murphy grumbled, they're worse. It's socked in practically from here to the Pole. Icing conditions all over the joint, snow, hail and everything else. How do you figure on getting through all that?"

"On top. Even with floats on I can get up to 30,000."

"But you gotta come down."

"I'll find a hole."

"Aw, nuts. It's guys like you that age guys like me."

Sgt. Lewiston came in to report that the plane was ready and accompanied Michael and Sue down to the narrow strip of beach. Michael made a thorough check of his plane, then got into a thick parka and some other fur garments the men had brought for him. Hot oil was poured into the engine and a mechanic sat in the cockpit and revved it up to get it warm. In ten minutes it was ready.

An anxious half-circle formed about Michael and he stood with one foot on a float and stared up at a widening gray streak in the sky. Then he spoke out of the corner of his mouth, without turning his head, "Lewiston."

"Yes, sir?"

"Keep that A and N signal on the air. Ask Juneau to give me a call at fifteen minute intervals, spelling Juneau with the key. Request the same from Anchorage and also from Fairbanks. That should give be a good spread for my direction finder. A magnetic compass won't be worth a damn from here on."

"I'll see that it's done."

"Good. Then I guess I'll shove off."

He turned about to face the others and his eyes swung to Sue's pale face, a white mask in the semi-dusk. She took a step forward and reached out to touch his arm, but pride forced her hand down and her eyes wavered away from him.

"Well," he said, uncomfortably clearing his throat, "this will be the end of the line for me, if I bring him back. Odd, isn't it? I have always thought, ever since we were kids—"

Her lips pressed tightly together and she said, "Good luck, Michael. Don't—don't take any chances."

"Chances! This whole thing is a gamble. But I'll be all right. And I'll bring him back for you, sweetheart."

He quickly turned away and failed to hear her breathe, "Oh, God, take good care of him."

Comm. Miller put an arm about her shoulders and pulled her back from the plane.

The mechanic stepped out of the cockpit and Michael lowered himself in, tested the engine, then looked out and waved his hand. The men let go of the floats, as he opened the throttle a notch, and the plane taxied out onto the waters of Lazy Bay, guided by torches in floating gasoline tins. In the middle of the bay he spun into the wind, opened the throttle almost full and pounded across the water. The floats broke loose of the suction, the plane banked once about the steeple of the old Russian church and then headed due north, the nose pointed toward a black wall.

At 5,000 feet he was into the overcast and flying on instruments. Outside temperature was 18 below F, but the heater kept the cockpit 30 degrees above that. Michael thought. Almost cozy. Until he noticed a mist forming on the windshield and

(Continued on Page 19)

Switch to Modern Halo Shampoo, and Banish Dull Soap-Film!

You can actually see that old-fashioned soapy shampoos leave a dull soap-film on your hair—like "washbowl scum"—rob it of luster.

But Halo—the modern shampoo—*contains no soap . . .* therefore can leave no soap-film! Women everywhere are discovering this new beauty aid that reveals all their hair's *natural* loveliness.

Halo shampoos your hair with a new-type ingredient that makes a billowy lather in hardest water . . . leaves hair aglow with *natural* color.

What's more, Halo will remove dandruff from your scalp at the very first application!

In fact, Halo washes hair so clean there is no need for any lemon or vinegar after-rinse!

So—try Halo Shampoo today in generous 10c and larger sizes!

A Product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

COLDS COLDS COLDS

Man's Number One Nuisance — the common cold — will strike 2 out of every 3 Americans this year!

One word to the wise — this season as for fifty seasons in the past—is ANTIPHLOGISTINE! Have ANTIPHLOGISTINE on hand, ready for the first symptoms of a pesky chest cold. In ANTIPHLOGISTINE you have a fine medicated dressing — *invented by a physician* — and specifically designed to relieve chest cold suffering. ANTIPHLOGISTINE also supplies moist heat—a well known aid in easing chest cold discomforts. Millions of people, the world over, can testify to the relief it has brought them!

MRS. HUMPHRIES OF NEW YORK CITY SAYS:

"I can't tell you how much ANTIPHLOGISTINE has meant to my family. When one of us feels a chest cold coming on — out comes soothing ANTIPHLOGISTINE. I just spread this nice warm dressing on the chest, cover it with a cloth, and leave it on all night. I don't know anything that gives so much real relief!"

This is no time for untried remedies. Be sure you have ANTIPHLOGISTINE—a truly fine medicated dressing. Ask your druggist for ANTIPHLOGISTINE.

Antiphlogistine

(pronounced anti-flo-jis'-teen)

Now Also in Tubes

A product of The Denver Chemical Manufacturing Co., New York, N.Y.

UNDIES ARE GOSSIPS!
they tell others if you offend—they don't tell you
WE'LL TELL EVERYBODY PEGGY HASN'T LUXED US
THEY'LL ALL KNOW WE HAVE UNDIE ODOR
WHY DOES SHE RISK POPULARITY? IT'S SO EASY TO LUX US DAILY!
LUX
New Quick LUX

PLAY SAFE— *be sure you're dainty* —**LUX** *undies daily*

All day long you perspire—up to 2 or 3 pints a day—and undies absorb the odor. You don't notice this, but others do. Don't take chances with perspiration odor. Avoid offending by Luxing undies after *every* wearing.

Keeps undies lovely much longer! New, quick Lux takes away odor fast—yet keeps colors, fabrics new-looking much longer! Avoid injurious cake-soap rubbing, washday soaps. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

New Quick **LUX** *is thrifty*— **see how much one box will do!**

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

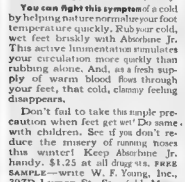
PLOWING through snow and slush with cold, wet feet lowers temperature. Such a disturbance of your body's heat-regulating mechanism *reduces* the blood supply of your mucous membranes—*increases* their mucous secretions. Your nose first feels dry, then runs copiously.

You can fight this symptom of a cold by helping nature normalize your foot temperature quickly. Rub your cold, wet feet briskly with Absorbine Jr. This active linimentation simulates your circulation more quickly than rubbing alone. And, as a fresh supply of warm blood flows through your feet, that cold, clammy feeling disappears.

Don't fail to take this simple precaution when feet get wet. Do same with children. See if you don't reduce the misery of running noses this winter! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 at all druggists. FREE SAMPLE—write W. F. Young, Inc., 397D Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.
Famous also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Sore Muscles, Joints, Bruises

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way—use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?
Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

RELIEVE HEADACHES NEURALGIA & MUSCULAR ACHES WITH QUICK ACTING BC

ON PACKAGE 10¢ and 25¢

"Nudge" Your Lazy Liver Tonight!

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Relieve CONSTIPATION!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So stir up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish bile.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but ALSO help elimination. Get a box TODAY! 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggstores.

THE greatest book of knowledge in the world is a scrapbook containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. Why not start one for home and school use?

(Continued from Page 18)

realized that there was humidity and danger of ice even at that degree of cold. He shut off the heater and settled deeper into the fur parka.

Thin banners of mist streamed back from the wing tips and the powerful, supercharged engine purred on a subdued note. At 20,000 feet the outside temperature was 26 below F and a thin skin of ice was already forming on the motor cowl and the leading edge of the wing. Michael could hardly believe it, at that temperature, but nevertheless shot de-icing fluid into the nose spinner. He changed the pitch of the blades, ice cracked away from the propeller and the plane vibrated dangerously for a moment, then settled down to a steady purr.

At 24 000 feet he came out on top and into brilliant sunshine that momentarily blinded him. Ahead, however, was an enormous black thunderhead. Michael altered course to go around it.

It was necessary to conserve oxygen, so he flew for five minutes without the tube and for five minutes with it in his mouth. Each time he used the tube he was on the verge of nausea. But one whiff of the oxygen cleared his head like a broom and he was able to take bearings from the stations on the air. The direction finder was functioning beautifully. So far, he thought, so good. But what's to come?

At the 75th parallel the overcast became broken with an Arctic squall swinging down from the north. The plane crazily bounced about in the rough air, but the pounding broke the ice free and she became more responsive to the controls. Michael heaved a sigh of relief, trimmed the tabs and headed down through a hole as large as Rhode Island. The engine muttered and coughed in protest and the oil temperature dangerously dropped. No good, Michael thought. What a country. He opened the throttle, even though descending, to maintain engine heat. The motor stopped coughing and oil temperature went back up

At 4,000 he leveled off over a glazing white field of ice. Nothing but ice. In every direction. Hummocks of it. Great mounds and peaks of it. Flat plains and ridges and blue-green valleys of ice. It stretched to the circle of the horizon and only in rare spots was there the blue sparkle of open water. None of them, however, large enough to land on and take off again.

MICHAEL rubbed his numbed hands and ears and whistled under his breath. Then he tuned in all the Alaskan stations on the direction finder and traced their courses, with the aid of the gyro-compass, on a scale map. "76N and 151W. Not bad for an amateur"

Scanning the white waste below he was thoroughly blinded by the ice glare, put on dark glasses and rubbed burnt cork over his cheeks.

In an hour and a half of straight flying, covering over two hundred miles, he saw nothing. His face was burnt and there was no longer any feeling in his hands or feet. If he could only close the cowling and turn on the heater. But the cowling stayed open, for better visibility, and the speed of the plane augmented the sub-zero temperatures. Michael, if he had known, was gradually freezing to death But between clenched teeth he kept muttering, "Must bring him back. Sue wants him, the lug. I have to get him."

And then he saw Buckner. At first he thought it was only another shadow cast by a hummock of ice and thin spiral of smoke a trick of his imagination. But, no, it was real and there was a dark mass on the ice that could have been the wreckage of a plane. Michael banked about and dropped down to 500 feet. There was the plane, what was left of it, and a tiny fire glowing in the lee of the wreckage Beside it was a figure waving, trying to stand upright.—Buckner. He was alive.

Michael leveled off, took his bearings and went on the air. "Michael Frayne calling Kodiak. Frayne calling Kodiak. Buckner is alive. Will land and attempt rescue. True position 76N and 156W. No open water. Will land on ice. Keep that position, cookies. Frayne signing off."

He throttled back, with all cowl openings closed to retain engine heat, lowered his flaps and settled toward the wreckage in a semi power-stall. Jagged peaks of ice were everywhere, each of them capable of ripping through the thin floats like angry knives. Michael dragged the ground a number of times, only twenty feet in the air, finally shrugged and came down toward a spot that looked less evil than the others. The ice rose to meet him and Michael held the nose up until the last second, then dropped to the ice. The floats hit hard and skidded along, then bit in with their sharp dural keels and the plane lunged and came to a groaning rest.

It took Michael five minutes and half of a bottle of burning brandy to work his way out of the cockpit. Once he got up on the motor cowl and the leading edge of the wing, Michael could hardly believe it, at that temperature, but nevertheless shot de-icing fluid into the nose spinner. He changed the pitch of the blades, ice cracked away from the propeller and the plane vibrated dangerously for a moment, then settled down to a steady purr.

FRAYNE SAVES HIS RIVAL FROM DEATH

ing," he mumbled. Fantastic. A nightmare. Whole life boiled down to just the fire. Tore pieces off the plane. Thank God for spruce wings in an old ship."

Michael glanced at the plane partially standing on its nose, noted the batteries and radio set on the ice and the empty tins of emergency rations. He shuddered and turned back to the captain sliding his arm under his thin shoulders and pouring the rest of the brandy down his throat.

The captain gagged on the fiery liquid but it brought a flush to his cheeks and a wan smile of thanks. "Ran out of it myself the second day. Thank God you got here, Herb. Never thought you'd make it."

"Herb? I'm not Miller."

"You're not!" Buckner pulled his head away and blinked his eyes, but they only stared wildly. "Sorry, old man. I can't see. The ice glare. Nothing serious. I've had a touch of it before. Heard you come over me but couldn't see you. Thought your engine sounded different."

"Souped-up job, Captain. Now, where are you hurt?"

"Broken ribs on my left side and left leg fractured. They raise the devil when I breathe."

"Okay. I'll be careful. Now, look, my plane is only a pursuit job for one person. You'll have to sit on my lap with the strap around the two of us. That's going to be painful."

"Do you think I'll mind, after this?"

"Maybe not, but it won't be pleasant. I have a hunch you'll pass out on me, so don't mind if I slap you around a bit to keep you conscious."

"You do whatever you want. The main thing is to get away."

"I'm afraid you've got something there. But let's not dwell on it."

Michael cautiously, very cautiously, raised the captain in his arms and made his way across the ice to the waiting plane. He slid Buckner down into the seat not without some difficulty, then dropped back to the ice and checked his floats. The keels were intact. They could act as skis on the ice.

For the next hour he worked with an ice axe and chipped away the worst of the loose ice along the take-off path. Once the engine was warm, [illegible] He had quit [illegible] they could take off again. Then he [illegible] the flying wires [illegible] dispatched [illegible] to the cockpit [illegible] at the [illegible] Buckner [illegible] He buckled the [illegible] just [illegible] was [illegible] all [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] away [illegible] condition had [illegible] and the plane was [illegible] for the sky at 1,500 [illegible]

Michael turned and shouted the cowling. "Close your heads. That be all in that. And, man, I can't [illegible] anything."

At 12 000 feet he leveled off, turned on the cockpit heater and relaxed

To Buckner he shouted. "Well, John, we're on our way. This little baby will knock off 400 without the drag of those floats."

No.

"Oh yes. Chased my tail from coast to coast, last Spring, in less than seven hours at 65 per cent throttle. That's cruising."

"Michael! My God, Michael Frayne!"

"Right behind you, Captain. That's my lap you're using. Never thought you and I would ever be this chummy."

"Michael! Of all people!"

"Now now, don't tell me you're that surprised. Who else do you think would be screwy enough to try getting you off of that ice cake?"

"Well, I never thought—Yes, I guess it would have to be you." Buckner grinned, in spite of his cracking lips. "You're right. No one else would be screwy enough. But what made you do it?"

"Sue."

"Susan?" His grin faded. "What has she to do with this?"

"Put frankly, everything, Captain. It has been rumored that I am 'sweet' with the gal which is correct. Most lovelorn swains proclaim their undying love by saying they'd go to hell and back for their fair ones. With me it was the opposite. I had to pick the North Pole. But that's the

(Continued on Page 20)

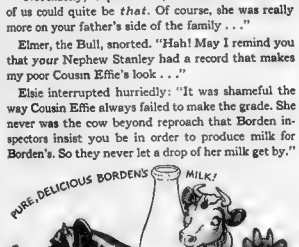
"That one's cousin Effie... we never mention her, my dear!"

"WHY NOT, mummy?" asked little Beulah. "Was she the Black Sheep of the family?"

"Not exactly," replied Elsie, the Borden Cow. "None of us could quite be *that*. Of course, she was really more on your father's side of the family . . ."

Elmer, the Bull, snorted. "Hah! May I remind you that *your* Nephew Stanley had a record that makes my poor Cousin Effie's look . . ."

Elsie interrupted hurriedly: "It was shameful the way Cousin Effie always failed to make the grade. She never was the cow beyond reproach that Borden inspectors insist you be in order to produce milk for Borden's. So they never let a drop of her milk get by."

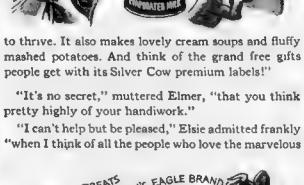


"How sad!" murmured little Beulah.

"It was tough on Cousin Effie," Elsie agreed, "but it's that strict, unrelaxing attitude of Borden experts all along the line that makes certain all *Borden's Milk* is extra good—as well as all the grand things that are made from that milk."

Elmer rustled his newspaper grumpily. "Off on milk again! You'd think it was your milk that made the world go round."

"No," said Elsie thoughtfully, "but it helps the world run more smoothly. Right from the cradle, for instance, *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* helps babies



to thrive. It also makes lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes. And think of the grand free gifts people get with its Silver Cow premium labels!"

"It's no secret," muttered Elmer, "that you think pretty highly of your handiwork."

"I can't help but be pleased," Elsie admitted frankly "when I think of all the people who love the marvelous

cookies, candies, and cake frostings that are made with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.*

Yes—my family really have good reason to hold their horns high."

"You certainly believe in *blowing* yours," Elmer snarled.

"Not just for my family," Elsie pointed out, "but also for the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* There's a score of them—and one of the

noblest is creamy, golden-crusted *Liederkranz.* Far too grand a masterpiece for poor, irresponsible Cousin Effie ever to have a share in."

"You lay off Cousin Effie!" bellowed Elmer. "She may not have been perfect . . ."

"Exactly!" Elsie triumphed: "That's why she never could achieve anything as wholesome and luscious as

the marvelous *Borden's Ice Cream* that gets its goodness from my milk and cream."

"Aw, you make me tired," complained Elmer.

"Folks who feel tired and need a lift," Elsie remarked, "find there's nothing quite so good as a smooth,

refreshing *Borden's Malted Milk.* It's a great family favorite . . ."

"Your family! I'm sick of your family!" shouted Elmer stamping out of the room. "I'm going to a nice quiet bowling alley where they never heard of your family!"

"I really wasn't talking about *my* family then," Elsie explained to Beulah. "I meant all families—all over the country—the ones who've learned so well that . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'* "

Full-color Elsie Pictures from the ads—illustrations only, no advertising. Set of six, suitable for framing, 7½x7½ inches. Write Elsie, Dept. 3E, Post Office Box 61, New York, N.Y., enclosing 10 cents.
In Canada, address Borden, Spadina Crescent, Toronto, Ontario

COPYRIGHT 1942 THE BORDEN COMPANY

Sensational New Guide Book Brings Startling Proof You Pay Too Much For VITAMINS

Explains in Simple Language What They Are—What They May Do for You—and How You May Cut Costs Almost in Half

If you are a user of vitamins or [illegible] which may have perplexed you and will be now answered. Do you know the [illegible] Do you know [illegible] Do you know what are the minimum daily requirements for all the vitamins? Which are best sources of each you need? Have vitamins any proven merit in the treatment and growing or thinning hair? If so are they valued with injections or [illegible] Is there any proven test to what extent any vitamins be of value? Can you expect vitamin to keep you from losing and feeling [illegible] Do competent [illegible] such a thing as an anti [illegible] or that vitamins have any thing to do with sex?

It is such questions as these and many others which have puzzled thousands of people that are answered in the most informative book on vitamins that has ever been written. It is simple, easy to understand fascinating and, most important of all, it will tell you how you may save money on your vitamin needs. This valuable vitamin book does not cost you a penny. There is no obligation. Mail postcard today in VITAMIN-QUOTA, Dept. 118, Borden Ave. & 21st St., Long Island City, N. Y.

In just 2 [illegible] actual reading [illegible] are an education [illegible] ments that you [illegible] t turn. Many [illegible] t prove that you may [illegible] about vitamins [illegible] the minimum daily [illegible] requirements [illegible] Why not [illegible] Mail [illegible] Dr. [illegible] W., New York

It is [illegible] to [illegible] Mr. J. R. B., Chicago

"Thanks for the Vitamin Booklet. I received it [illegible] It is worth a [illegible] price for any one that is [illegible] R. D. H. Lyme, Conn.

What Readers Say

I [illegible] received the [illegible] booklet and [illegible] it is [illegible] worth to me. [illegible] I [illegible] Dr. [illegible] Mass.

It is worth [illegible] to [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Ill.

[illegible] you how you may save money on your vitamin needs. This valuable vitamin book does not cost you a penny. There is no obligation. Mail postcard today in VITAMIN-QUOTA, Dept. 118, Borden Ave. & 21st St., Long Island City, N. Y.

MERCY FLIGHT

(Continued from Page 19)

old Frayne touch, just to be different."

"Oh, I see. You and Susan, then, have reached an understanding?"

It was Michael's turn to stop smiling. He stared at the back of Buckner's head and said, "I don't get that. What do you mean by an understanding?"

"An engagement of course."

"I still don't get it. One of us is a little wacky and I'm sure it's not me. After all, I haven't been sitting on a cake of ice. Look here, she's engaged to you, isn't she? At least, that is what she told the reporters."

Buckner twisted half about and tried to stare into Michael's eyes. He could see him, but only dimly. The expression in his own eyes, however, was one of complete amazement. He hoarsely asked, "She—Susan said that?"

"Sure. Was she supposed to keep it a secret? If it were I, I'd want her to scream it from the housetops."

Buckner turned away from him and almost inaudibly said, "We have never been engaged, Frayne, not until she made that announcement. I've tried, but—"

"Well, I'll be damned. What a lousy mess. And do you know she's the kind who will go through with it? Do you know that?"

"Yes, she's that kind."

Michael swore under his breath, then switched on the radio and put through a call: "Frayne calling Kodiak. Frayne calling Kodiak. Altitude 12,000, heading into storm front. Buckner is with me. On arrival, will make crash landing without floats. Prepare hospital and have doctor. Request winds aloft and give temperatures and dew point. Speak plainly. Frayne signing off. Come back, please."

Nome, being within his reach, went on the air with the necessary information. When they had gone off Michael said to Buckner, "It's worse than the trip out. I'll have to go on top again. We'll take turns with the oxygen, but take it easy. That stuff is precious."

He handed the tube to the captain, trimmed the elevator tabs and eased back on the stick. At 16,000 they hit the storm front and went on instruments until they came out on top at 22,000. Ice formed immediately and the plane began vibrating. The plane settled to 18,000.

He dropped down another thousand feet, came out between two layers of overcast, and lost the ice on the plane. The two of them relaxed.

Buckner said, "You take everything in full stride, don't you?"

"Don't ask me to start worrying now."

"I'm not going to. You know, Frayne, I have an apology to offer. You know I didn't like you at all when you showed up in my squadron."

"You made it plain enough."

"So I did. Well, I was wrong. I thought you were a phony because flying was fun to you and not a serious job, like it is to me. Which is where I was haywire. You've done a terrific job in this flight, a really sensational bit of flying. I don't know anyone who could have done better, or even as well."

"Thanks. But it's too bad you didn't think of that before. We might have been friends."

"I am sincerely sorry about that. Believe me."

They were silent for some time, then Buckner, after a warming drink of brandy, said: "You and Susan are a lot alike in that respect, taking life as it comes, squeezing all the fun out of it and enjoying yourselves."

"Cut it, will you?"

"What for? I'm in love with her too, you know, in my patient, sober-sides manner. Funny, isn't it, that Susan should have become engaged to a person like me when we are so dissimilar?"

"Do me a favor and drop it."

A bad Arctic cyclone ran Michael out over Bering Sea, but an hour and ten minutes of fast flying brought him over the Gulf of Alaska and in a few moments he was banking over Kodiak, calling for wind and direction.

He let down the flaps, cut the switches and yelled to Buckner, "Hang on. We might go on our nose. If we spill over I'll have to drop you through the cowling. No sense burning you up after getting you off the ice. Get a good grip. Here we go."

He lined up with the narrow beach, eased the stick back and kept it there until the tail was on the ground, biting into it. Then he let the nose drop. It sounded as if the whole world had suddenly exploded. The plane rocked across the beach, plowed up a part of the hillside, went up on its nose and then slowly settled back on an even keel, at rest. The propeller was bent and the engine twisted but there was no fire. It was a good landing. They could have walked away if they had been able.

What followed then seemed only a logical part of the whole nightmare. Flashbulbs went off in their faces, people were shouting and screaming hysterically all about them, officers swarmed all over the plane and a dozen strong arms dragged their cramped bodies out of the cockpit and began carrying them toward a covered truck. Hands reached through the circle to slap their backs, women workers from the cannery were laughing and crying at the same time and through it all, like something in a mist, were Sue's level eyes, not smiling and without expression.

Her lips formed the words, "Good work, Mike," but he could only read them. He could not hear. He had no desire to hear, as she was standing by John, holding his hand.

The doctor had already looked at his eyes and was saying, "Nothing serious. A few days in a dark room, with proper attention, and they'll be as fit as ever. Now, boys, hurry it up. Both of these men are suffering from over-exposure. Ease them into the truck. Easy, now."

They were being raised high, level with the bed of the truck, when Captain John Buckner suddenly stopped everything and called, "Susan, is that you?"

"Yes, John. Right here."

"Oh, good! You know, Susan, this may not be the proper time or place, but I certainly think you had a nerve with that announcement of yours."

"That what?"

Everything stopped and there was a dead silence and Michael noticed how the muscles of the captain's face were working. Then he had them under control and repeated, "That announcement. Don't you think that was a rather cheap trick, cashing in on all this publicity?"

Sue's face blanched, as if she had been struck, and she tried to speak, but failed. Michael, however, squirmed out of the arms of the men holding him and stood by her side. His eyes were blazing with simulated anger, but deep within them was a look of admiration and of respect.

"What," he asked, "do you mean by a crack like that?"

"You should know, Frayne. First page stuff. Anything to make the grade. But I didn't think she'd go that far. Now that you're the big hero there'll probably be a reversal in affections."

"That's okay with me."

Susan suddenly found her tongue and shouted back, "Yes, and it's all right with me, too." Her hand found Michael's and she said, "It was a mistake in the first place, a big mistake. Do you hear?"

"Sure," Buckner nodded. "I hear. Okay, boys, take me up to the hospital. Mr. Frayne will probably be along in a little while."

He leaned back in the bed of the truck, smiling to himself.

—

(The End)

Copyright, 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

"Thank God You Got Here Herb," Said Buckner. "Never Thought You'd Make It." "Herb? I'm Not Miller," Exclaimed Frayne.

The events and characters depicted in this story are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

Does Your Cooking Make a Hit?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature appearing in this and every issue of this magazine. Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

Millions Are Slowly Cutting Cavities Into The Exposed, Softer Parts Of Their Teeth

Scientific research has proved this damage is caused by regular brushing with dentifrices which contain abrasives. Clinical studies* show that 8 out of 10 adults examined risk this injury because the softer part of one or more teeth is left exposed (usually due to shrinking gums) with no hard enamel to protect it. You can avoid this trouble simply by changing to Teel Liquid Dentifrice, because it contains absolutely no abrasives. Thus Teel cannot injure your teeth.

*AS REPORTED IN AN AUTHORITATIVE SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL

SAVE YOUR PRECIOUS TEETH FROM THIS SERIOUS INJURY

Simply Change To Liquid Dentifrice

It Beautifies Teeth Safely—Without Abrasives

Amazing New Liquid Dentifrice Cannot Harm Your Teeth Because It Contains No Abrasives

It's a scientific fact: Abrasives contained in dentifrices are now causing millions of people to slowly injure their precious teeth.

These abrasives consist of particles so small you can't see or feel them—yet they are so hard that water will not dissolve them.

As you brush these abrasive particles back and forth, they gradually wear away the softer part of your teeth wherever this part is exposed.

You can save your teeth from this appalling injury simply by changing to the revolutionary new dentifrice for brushing teeth—Teel.

Not a paste—not a powder—Teel is a ruby-clear LIQUID containing absolutely no abrasives. Tests show that it cannot injure even the softer part of your teeth.

How Teel Reveals Beauty of Teeth

Teel uses a new-type, patented cleansing discovery that bursts into thousands of tiny, surging bubbles in the mouth which instantly go to work to help remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and dulling surface film. Thus your teeth really look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

Also, Teel's amazing action gives your whole mouth a glorious beauty bath—a refreshing clean "feel." It helps sweeten bad breath. A few drops of Teel in ⅓ glass of water is delightful as a mouth wash. And Teel's grand taste makes a hit with children.

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Teel is easy to use and so economical. Get a bottle today at any drug, department or 10¢ store and follow this safe, new-day way in tooth cleansing. If you feel that your teeth need an occasional scouring or polishing, see special directions on the Teel carton. And visit your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

Change to **Teel**
LIQUID DENTIFRICE
Use Instead of Tooth Pastes and Powders

Next week a stirring drama of war-torn seas.

U-BOAT PACK By Leon Ware.

Chief Engineer Rinnan, of a Norwegian tanker, proves there's more than one way to outwit a Nazi submarine.

A short story complete in next week's issue of The American Weekly.

"WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T MAKE GOOD PIE CRUST NOW, MOM?"
"SHUCKS! I CAN'T MISS NOW— NO MORE TOUGH PIE CRUST!"
All-Star Cherry Pie for Washington's Birthday

NOW! Be SURE of FLAKY PIE CRUST!

Crisco and its New Pastry Method end 2 big causes of tough pastry!

When the "Favorite Pie" comes in with a flaky, golden-brown crust, the family cheers. But oh ...isn't it awful when your pastry turns out tough?

New Crisco to the rescue! Yes, Crisco—always famous for delicious pastry—has been improved! New "Sure-Mix" Crisco is different—better than ever for flaky, tender pie crust! Women by thousands are turning to this pure *all-vegetable* shortening for tender, digestible pastry.

But that's not all! Crisco now brings you an amazing New Pastry Method that ends all your guesswork—ends those two big causes of tough pie crust—using too much water and handling your dough too much!

So you see, Crisco and its new pastry recipe are the perfect team for flaky pie crust. Read the complete recipe at the right ... try it today! Remember, this New Pastry Method was perfected for Crisco. **We don't promise this sure-fire Crisco success with just any shortening—so beware to use Crisco and *only* Crisco!**

FOODS FRIED IN PURE, ALL-VEGETABLE CRISCO ARE SO DIGESTIBLE EVEN CHILDREN MAY EAT THEM!

CRISCO FOR FLAKY PIE CRUST

New! Easy! CRISCO'S SURE-FIRE PASTRY METHOD!

DOUBLE-CRUST MEASUREMENTS

2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup Crisco
*¼ cup water**

**Notice—this method tells you exact amount of water to use. Standard recipes don't ... yet too much water is the first big cause of tough pastry. That's ended now!*

Sift flour and salt into bowl. Take out ½ cup of this flour and mix with the ¼ cup of water to form a paste. Add Crisco to remaining flour; cut Crisco in with knives, fork or blender until the pieces are the size of small peas.

Next, add flour-paste to Crisco-flour mixture. Mix *thoroughly* until the dough comes together and can be shaped into a ball. *(Notice—the dough is never sticky—it's easy to handle, easy to roll out! So this method saves you from over-handling the dough—the second big cause of tough pastry.)* Divide in half—roll out both crusts about ⅛ inch thick.

All measurements level.

ONE-CRUST MEASUREMENTS: Use 1 ¼ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅓ cup Crisco. Take out ¼ cup flour and blend with 3 tablespoons water.

ALL-STAR CHERRY PIE: Use double-crust pastry measurements. Cut stars out with cookie-cutter, place on top of cherry filling and bake in hot oven (425° F.) for 25 minutes.

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © PROCTER & GAMBLE

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

(Continued from Page 17)

RIDDLE in RED

came in, you made some sort of apology for being so long away. No wonder you were so long away—because you'd slipped out to the barn and murdered the taxi driver, hadn't you?"

From their faces, I could see the inescapable fact of those six burning into the minds of the people around me. David Rowley himself seemed to have grown visibly smaller and older. His shoulders sagged; his eyes, in his dead white face, had the desperate steadiness of someone who knows that his control is as precarious as a rope cut to its last fibre.

"You're accusing me," he faltered. "It's not true. I was looking for those Christmas decorations, looking all over. I..."

"It's no use," I said softly. "You can't get around that anymore than you can get around the fact that you wrote the note telling Karen to go to the saphouse. Oh, the handwriting experts can check on it, but we don't need them because you hopelessly compromised yourself about that note, didn't you? In front of Mrs. Hale, Church and myself, you admitted that it was you to whom the taxi driver had delivered the note when he came here. You were the one, on your own confession who took the note from the taxi driver and later the other note to Karen. The fact of that note alone is enough to send you to the chair."

I ALMOST hated the inevitability of my own words. "The taxi driver came here with a note for you. You realized that he had given you the ideal chance for an attack on Karen. You destroyed his note, hid him in the barn, scribbled the fake note—too bad you couldn't find any gray paper—and gave it to Karen, pretending the taxi driver had brought it for her. You knew she'd go straight to the sap-house, but you had five or so minutes start of her. You got to the quarry first. You pushed her off and hoped she'd die, either from the fall or from exposure. You hurried back to the house and were there in time to act innocence when I arrived. It was an immense blunder to talk about the taxi driver at all to me. You got much too devious there. You'd have been far better off feigning complete ignorance of the whole business.

"You were over-ingenious, too, when you showed me Norma's diary," I went on. "I understand your motive. You'd killed the taxi driver then and you wanted to make sure we knew the Jimmie Salter saga so that we'd think the taxi driver murdered Norma and then committed suicide. That would have been smart if we had fallen for the suicide. But we didn't. Now that diary's another clue against you, because it proves definitely that you, of all the people here, were the one who knew the taxi driver story. You told me you'd just that moment discovered the diary in Norma's desk. That wasn't true, of course. You'd discovered it long before—and it was the diary that gave you the idea for the entire, elaborate plot."

"But you can't prove anything." Rowley still managed to preserve some vestige of dignity, but it was excruciating to see a man so perilously near the point of collapse.

I decided to give the death blow then. "You made one other fatal mistake," I said. "Last night," we suspected Oliver. The inspector went to you and inquired about Oliver's financial status. You wanted us to go on suspecting Oliver so you told us that story of a leakage in one of your client's investments. Oh, you made out that you hadn't meant to tell us, that the last thing on earth you wanted was to accuse Oliver. But in reality the one thing on earth that you wanted in life was to make Oliver take the murder rap for you. That's why you brought that up. It wasn't very clever, you know, because you told us you'd put a private investigator to work on the stock embezzlement." I paused. "It will be simple for the police to check on whether or not a private investigator has been hired by the company. I think you'll find it very difficult to tell us the name of this investigator."

"Yes." That was the first time Cobb had interrupted me. She was staring at Rowley with a grimness that was quite implacable. "Tell us, Rowley—tell us the name of the investigator you hired. If we can confirm it, you might be able to clear yourself even now."

That, of course, was sheer torture. David Rowley's hands went out in an aimless gesture. He glanced at his wife with a kind of dark, struggling plea for support—or forgiveness.

"I...I can't tell you," he said. "I'd been planning to hire an investigator. Matter of fact, I hadn't got around to it. I..."

"You were the head of that company and you hadn't got around to putting an investigator onto a major case of embezzlement in your firm?" Cobb's voice was very cold. "You're trying to tell us you came here to the country for Christmas—and never got around to hiring the investigator? I'm afraid you couldn't fool a two year old child with that story, Mr. Rowley.

"As for the stock embezzlement itself, I guess you were telling the truth about that—except for one thing. You didn't tell us that it was you yourself who'd been gambling with your clients' investments, that it was you who had gotten yourself into such a jam that you had to murder your stepdaughters before they got married and stood to inherit the income from securities that you'd had to put up as collateral to keep the news of your illegal gambling from coming out. Oh, I don't know any of this as a fact yet—mind you. But it won't be hard for me to have the books of your firm examined. You know that."

Damp sweat had broken out on Rowley's forehead. His hand went up, covering his eyes.

"That's part of your motive for killing Norma and trying to kill Karen, isn't it?" persisted Cobb. "You didn't want the Shipton income to switch from your wife. Of course, you didn't want that. That in itself was a strong enough motive. But there was this other motive too. You couldn't risk anything happening like a wedding, for example—which would bring the true condition of your financial affairs to light."

WHEN he stopped speaking, there was a deep, stifling silence. For several seconds, no one moved. Then, slowly, with a poignant travesty of her normal calm, Persis Rowley rose. Her lovely, tranquil face was white. She moved to her husband. She put her hands on his arms. Quietly, she said:

"David—look at me."

Slowly, Rowley raised his head. For a long moment they stood there, looking at each other.

"David, tell me. Is this the truth?"

Rowley's lips twitched. His voice was almost a whisper.

"What's the use? They've said everything, haven't they? They know they can prove most of it too. It seems I wasn't so spectacular as a murderer, after all..."

* * *

I didn't accompany Cobb when he took Rowley away to the police station. I knew the case was solved. I knew that with an investigation of the books of Rowley and Company and the testimony of handwriting experts there would be more than enough evidence for a conviction. My part was done.

Persis retired to her room under the austere but comforting wing of Grace Salter. Karen and Oliver went with me to the door. A picture of them standing white-faced and hand-in-hand in the hall was my final glimpse of Fallowfield.

At least there was their happiness for the family to look forward to. Murder had not made that Christmas Eve entirely disastrous.

Home again, I tried to slip back into my normal groove as a country doctor.

After lunch, I made a decision. It forgot my practice. I drove into Grovestown and spent the afternoon ransacking every store for a ship-in-bottle. My enterprise was a miserable failure. But when I returned to Dawn and dinner, I found I had won a measure of calm. I even helped to trim our Christmas tree without any morbid thoughts.

And after Dawn had gone to bed I packed the skis and goldfish aquarium in gay wrappings. Finally, arranging them and the other random presents from my daughter's room next door, I dressed hastily in order to be at the breakfast table ahead of her.

As it happened we arrived at the dining room door simultaneously.

"Listen, honey," I began. "I'm awfully sorry, but..."

I was interrupted by a squeal of delight from Dawn. I joined her just inside the room. I stared at the breakfast table. For a second I thought I was seeing things. For there, in front of Dawn's place lay a wondrous object. The curved glass of the bottle shone crisply in the morning sunlight. And inside the bottle, boldly flaunting the glory of its sails, was a model three-masted schooner.

Around the neck of the bottle hung a square card. I read the message on it over my daughter's madly bobbing head. It said:

TO THE LADY OF THE GRAY NOTEPAPER WITH LOVE FROM UNCLE SANTA CLAUS COBB

I appreciated the tribute to Dawn's share in the solving of the mystery at Fallowfield. I doubt whether Dawn appreciated it, for all of herself was given up to ecstatic cooing and gurgles. She did not even glance at the beautified skis and goldfish.

"Oh, Daddy, isn't it the most heavenly ship-in-bottle you ever saw? I never, never had such a lovely present."

She remembered her manners then. Very daintily she turned to the skis, laboriously unwrapped them, gave them a brief look and did the same for the goldfish.

"The skis and the goldfish are nice too," she said. "Maybe I'll grow to like them as much as the ship-in-bottle."

(The End)

Copyright, 1942, by American Weekly, Inc.
All Rights Reserved

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

PARK & TILFORD
Face Powder
Have You discovered this Beauty Secret?
The beauty secret of the century is the face powder that has everything! That face powder is Park & Tilford! "Vacuum-sifted" to superfineness... That's why it spreads so evenly — stays on for hours. Smartest colors. Try it — today! In $1, 50c, 25c and 10c sizes at drug, department and 10c stores.
Smart women also use Park & Tilford
PERFUMES, COLOGNES, LIPSTICKS, ROUGES & PERFUMED DEODORANT
THE FACE POWDER THAT HAS EVERYTHING

Dress Well . . . *Inexpensively*

MANY women have great success with the patterns that appear in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. These stylish, exclusive patterns are easy to make and give perfect fit—without fussing. Watch for them. You'll like them, too.

Have you tried NEW, IMPROVED OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

With the New Grease-dissolving Element that Makes Cleaning 50% FASTER

PLAY BRIDGE? HEAVENS, I'M UP TO MY NECK IN HOUSECLEANING! I'VE GOT HOURS OF HARD SCOURING AHEAD!
HARD SCOURING? I'LL SOON REMEDY THAT-- I'LL BE OVER IN A JIFFY!
LOOK, I BROUGHT YOU A MARVELOUS NEW CLEANSER, SUPER-SPEED OLD DUTCH! IT'S 50% FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE --CUTS CLEANING TIME IN HALF!
HONESTLY, IT'S LIKE MAGIC! I'VE NEVER SEEN A CLEANSER THAT COULD TAKE HOLD OF GREASE AND DIRT ANY FASTER!
THAT'S BECAUSE OF THE SPECIAL INGREDIENT IN OLD DUTCH--DISSOLVES GREASE AND POLISHES AT THE SAME TIME-- GIVES DOUBLE-ACTION CLEANING!

AND LOOK AT THIS WOODWORK! FRESH AND BRIGHT AS THE DAY IT WAS PAINTED --AND NONE OF THOSE TINY SCRATCHES.
THAT'S BECAUSE OLD DUTCH IS ONE CLEANSER THAT DOESN'T CONTAIN ANY HARSH GRIT. IT'S MADE WITH GENTLE SEISMOTITE.
THAT AFTERNOON
IMAGINE, PLAYING BRIDGE ON HOUSECLEANING DAY --THANKS TO THAT MARVELOUS NEW SUPER-SPEED OLD DUTCH!
AND DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THE WAY IT GOES TO WORK ON GRIMY BATHTUBS! BRINGS THEM SPARKLING IN RECORD TIME.
IT WORKS SO MUCH FASTER, IT'S LIKE HAVING AN EXTRA PAIR OF HANDS TO HELP WITH ALL YOUR CLEANING!
WHAT'S MORE, OLD DUTCH SAVES YOU MONEY EVERY TIME YOU CLEAN-- JUST A SPRINKLE GOES SO FAR!

New Double-Action Cleanser Cuts Cleaning Time in Half

EVEN though you may have used *Old Dutch Cleanser* for years—even though you believe you know all that Old Dutch (or *any* cleanser) can do, here's news!

For now comes a new *Improved Old Dutch* to give you a new conception of faster, easier, SAFER cleaning. A cleanser so remarkable in results that it surprises all who try it.

For new *Improved Old Dutch* contains a special ingredient—and does these important things:

(1) It cleans 50% faster than the famous *Old Dutch Cleanser* that has been America's favorite for years! Thus it puts an end to needless drudgery and elbow-fag—and cuts cleaning time in half.

(2) The special, scientific agent in *Improved Old Dutch* dissolves grease—gives double-action cleaning! You'll be astonished how easily sinks, stoves, bathtubs come sparkling—immaculately *clean!*

(3) New *Improved Old Dutch* is safety itself for porcelain, metal and painted surfaces. It DOESN'T SCRATCH—because made with safe, flaky Seismotite! It's really kind to hands.

So, say good-bye to back-breaking scouring—to those endless hours you've been wasting trying to get things clean. Switch to new 50% faster *Old Dutch* and you'll never go back to old-fashioned, gritty cleansers. You'll find it costs no more to use—a little goes so far.

Get new, *Improved Old Dutch Cleanser* at your dealer's. See for yourself what it means to use a cleanser that actually *dissolves grease while it polishes.* A cleanser that's super-speedy for heavy jobs like grease-encrusted pots and pans—yet *safe* for mirrors and glass.

No change in the familiar Dutch girl package—the difference is all inside. Get a supply right now.

MY FOLKS ALWAYS USE NEW, IMPROVED OLD DUTCH BECAUSE IT DOESN'T SCRATCH.
Chases Dirt
I WISH MY FOLKS WOULD USE IT ON ME!
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
MADE WITH SEISMOTITE

FIRST CHOICE OF MILLIONS

World's largest seller at 10c. Other saving sizes, 36 tablets, 20c; 100, 35c.

ST. JOSEPH GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN

NURSES! TRY USING CUTICURA TO HELP RELIEVE DIAPER RASH

Generations of better babies have received this three-fold care... mildly medicated Cuticura Ointment for helping relieve chafings and similar externally caused irritations—fragrant Cuticura Soap for gentle cleansing—pure mildly medicated Cuticura Talcum for refreshing comfort. Buy Cuticura at your local druggist today.

Here's *secret* of perfect GRAVY at only a penny's cost!

1. FLAVOR Kitchen Bouquet gives the most delicious flavor to gravies.
2. COLOR Kitchen Bouquet makes gravy the rich, tempting brown you like.
3. EASY TO USE It's so easy to cook with Kitchen Bouquet. You just season to taste or follow gravy recipe included in package.
4. ECONOMICAL Kitchen Bouquet is concentrated ... a few drops is all you need ... goes a long way.

● Get Kitchen Bouquet—the secret thing in fine cooking.

KITCHEN BOUQUET

SPECIAL OFFER!

3-THREAD SILK STOCKINGS for 25¢

and wrapper from SAYMAN'S VEGETABLE WONDER SOAP

For a limited time, you can get lovely sheer silk stockings at a BIG SAVING. These silk stockings have pointed heels and reinforced mercerized heel and toe ... are beautifully cured in smart new shade of Bali beige ... Just PRINT name, address and stocking size on wrapper from bar of Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap. Mail wrapper with 25¢ in COIN. The offer is made to acquaint you with Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap, which lathers at a touch in hard water, soft water, hot, cold, mineral or salt water ... rinses completely ... leaves no scum or film. Send Sayman Soap wrapper, name, address, stocking size and 25¢ to Sayman Products Co., 2104 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Your Hidden Beauty

revealed by using Mercolized Wax Cream

A simple way to remove the dull, drabness of your complexion and reveal the lighter, lovelier skin tones. Just use Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. Its active ingredients help to flake off the older, darkened surface skin in minutes, almost invisible particles, revealing a fairer, fresher, underskin.

Ezralda Astringent tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excessive oil. Dissolve Ezralda Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily, morning or evening.

Extract Beauty Mask—Try this cooling, soothing and refreshing facial. We believe you will like it.

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that gray hair seeks the end of romance ... yet you're afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's naturalness ... afraid, most of all, that everyone will know you have dyed it.

These fears are no needless! Today at your drug or toilet counter store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It [illegible] ... a dark brown, dark brown to dark [illegible] ... and it's so thin that your closest friends won't suspect. Prepared by medical [illegible] ... no skin test needed. It's so easy to use.

Buy a bottle today on a money-back guarantee. Or, if you'd rather test it first, write for free sample stating color of hair and color of eyes. Mary T. Goldman Co., 93 Enterprise Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

2 Bushels of Ripe TOMATOES from ONE VINE

Astonished friend writes "Whole family enthused over Burgess Vine." New BURGESS CLIMBING TRIP-L-CROP TOMATO yields grown to a height of 10 to 15 feet. Grow on stakes, trellis or fence. Bore abundantly in garden. Beautiful crimson, pear shaped, meaty fruits of best quality, some weighing over 2 lbs. each. The average number of all tomatoes. Trial packet 10c ... 3 for 25c, postpaid.

CASH PRIZE CONTEST Send for FREE Garden Book containing full details about CASH PRIZES to growers of this wonderful tomato.

BURGESS SEED & PLANT CO. 841 G.T., GALESBURG, MICH.

FREE to Catholics ONLY

Send name and address for deeply modeled PARDON CRUCIFIX with Sacred Heart, Miraculous Medals. Silver finish. Absolutely FREE without one cent of expense to you.

LANE CO., Dept. 52, Providence, R. I.

The American Weekly is the nation's reading habit.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

SIX NUTRITIOUS SEA FOOD SUGGESTIONS

"THIS is the time of the year when we serve lots of fish dishes," writes Mrs. D. J. Murphy, Bayonne, N. J. "For a fish meal, especially on a cold winter's day, I cannot think of a more appetizing and appropriate first course than clam chowder.

"Of course there are many such chowders, but my favorite is made according to my mother's own recipe. I'm sure that if you try it you'll agree with me that 'Mrs. Murphy's Clam Chowder' is just about the best you've ever tasted. Here is the recipe.

CLAM CHOWDER

3 quarts of water
1 dozen very large blue nose clams, cut fine, juice strained
¼ pound salt pork or bacon—cut fine fried not too brown
2 large onions cut fine
2 large carrots cut fine
1 cup cut fine celery
½ cup parsley
6 small potatoes cut fine
1 large can tomatoes
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning or season to taste

"The right kind of clams and pork or bacon generally is salt enough.

"Bring water to boil in large covered kettle. Add pork and dripping. Can of tomatoes next. Onions and carrots—I use the coarse knife in food chopper. Celery and parsley, then potatoes. (I use the coarse knife in food chopper for these too). Boil half hour, add clams, juice, seasoning. Cook about twenty minutes longer. Serve with plain crackers. Try two quarts of water for the strong clam flavor."

* * *

OYSTER BALLS

Stew 1 quart oysters and chop fine. Take 6 large potatoes, boil and mash them and rub through a sieve, then add ½ cupful thick cream, yolk of 4 eggs the oysters, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, and seasoning of salt, pepper and nutmeg. When well mixed, form into small balls, then flour them and fry in smoking hot fat. Drain and serve hot.

Mrs. E. T. Hudspeth,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

PANNED OYSTERS

To serve a family of four, take 3 dozen medium oysters, put them in a nice white granite dish. Let them simmer in the broth for about ten minutes, take them out and place them in a deep platter. Take a tablespoonful of butter, brown it nicely and spread it over the oysters. Serve hot with horseradish, or any other sauce preferred

Mrs. Mary R. Jones,
Mt. Gretna, Pa.

* * *

FISH RING

3½ pounds halibut or any white fish boiled with celery and onion. When cool, flake

Make cream sauce of 1 cup milk, 3 tablespoons flour, 4½ tablespoons butter. Beat 5 egg yolks well and add warm cream sauce; then add to fish. Season with celery salt, salt and pepper. When cold add ½ pint sweet cream beaten stiff. Then fold in 5 egg whites beaten stiff. Butter ring well and sprinkle bottom and sides with paprika. Bake in hot oven 30 to 40 minutes in pan of hot water. Turned out on lettuce leaves and served ice cold, it is delicious.

Mrs. Blanche Frank,
Miami, Florida.

* * *

TUNA FISH DELIGHT

1 large can tuna fish
1 cup cream of mushroom soup
1 onion
1 green pepper
1 or 2 cups milk
Salt and pepper to taste
1 package spaghetti

Boil spaghetti according to directions on package. Meanwhile saute onion and pepper cut up fine in butter—pour boiling water over tuna fish to remove excess oil, flake and place in a large casserole dish, add mushroom soup, green pepper and onion. Drain spaghetti and add to mixture. Add milk. Mix well. Place buttered crumbs on top and bake for 30 minutes in moderate to hot oven. Serves 8-10 people. This served with hot biscuits, salad and coffee makes a complete meal. To vary it, I often use 1 small can tuna fish and 1 can crabmeat. I also like to make use of the red pepper which I save from my pickles to add color to it.

Martha C. Johnson,
Norwood, Mass.

* * *

ST. JOHNS RIVER CHOWDER

3 pounds bass, mullet or catfish
1 medium potato
1 large onion
1 cup tomato ketchup
1 cup carrots
1 cup celery
1 cup water or tomato juice
1 green pepper (hot pepper if possible)
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce
Small piece bacon
Salt and pepper

Fry bacon in iron frying pan and leave bacon in pan with 2 tablespoons of the fat—brown the flour in the fat, add the onions and potatoes (cut in cubes) stir till partly cooked and brown add salt and pepper ketchup, carrots, celery, green pepper, water and worcestershire sauce, cook till potatoes are tender—sprinkle salt and pepper on fish, which has been cut in 2 inch pieces, and lay fish carefully in tomato sauce, cover and cook slowly about 45 minutes. Do not stir—to do so breaks the fish—but run a knife under the fish from time to time. When ready to serve take it carefully from pan with wide knife or spoon and lay on platter. If sauce seems thin I add a little corn starch, if thick add a little hot water, then pour sauce over fish. Serve with corn muffins or hot biscuits. We live on the river and use a great many fish so I try to find new ways to prepare them. This dish has been praised by many and I hope you like it.

Mrs. Nettie M. Warr,
Welaka, Florida.

KNOW YOUR VITAMINS

All of the sea food ingredients in the recipes below contain calcium, phosphorous and iron. In addition they contain vitamins as follows:

Oysters A, B¹, C
Clams A, C
Bass B, C
Halibut B
Tuna B

Also the parsley ingredient in the clam chowder, and oyster ball recipes is an excellent energy food

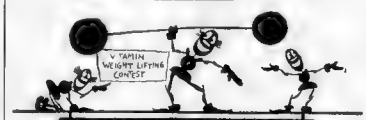
IT IS MADE WITH BAKED CHICK PEAS

"I ENJOY your page of recipes in the Housewife's Food Almanack," writes Mrs. E. W. Anderson, Hialeah, Florida. "I have tried away many of them. Here is one of my own recipes that gives my family a dish they like very much. They have named it Vegetarian Mock Chicken. It is baked chick-peas, or garbanzas.

2 cups chick-peas
3 pints water
4 tablespoons cooking oil
1 diced onion
1 cup diced celery and green leaves
1 small pinch thyme
1 tablespoon salt

"Soak 2 cups of chick peas in 3 pints of water overnight. In the morning cook them slowly in the same water over a low flame about two hours. I have the old fashioned baking ware, and I use one of them to bake chick peas in. I keep plenty of water on them to cover well, adding hot water when needed, and two hours on top of stove I bake them four hours in a moderate oven, having added 4 tablespoonsful of cooking oil. One hour before they are done I season them with the diced celery, onion, thyme and salt. When taken from oven they are still quite juicy. I let them sit half an hour before dishing up, to get cool. This makes their flavor richer. If you try them by this recipe I am confident you will say they do have a delicate chicken-like flavor."

(Mrs. Anderson many people who are trying to supply nourishing and appetizing food on a reduced food budget will be grateful for this savory and economical recipe. It is easy to follow and pleased everyone who sampled it for us.—Mary Lee Swann.)



SAVORY TONGUE

EASY TO PREPARE—EXCELLENT TO EAT

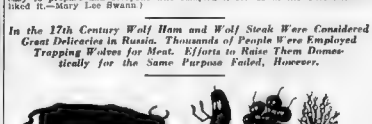
"THIS is an original recipe for the cooking of tongue," writes Mrs. Leo C. Walrath, Weyauwega, Wisconsin. "So many have asked how I prepare it, I thought perhaps Almanack readers might be interested.

"Select a young beef tongue. Wash, place in stew kettle and add boiling water to cover about one-fourth of tongue. Boil briskly a few minutes to hold the juices in as much as possible then simmer until the white membrane can be easily removed. This will take from one to two hours. Return tongue to kettle and add 1 or 2 carrots cut in two inch chunks and split, several small, whole onions and a few stalks of celery. Salt to taste.

"Add water as required. Remove vegetables when done, but continue cooking tongue, if necessary, until quite soft; so it can be easily pierced with a fork. If quite young beef two-and-one-half hours is sufficient. The time depends on the age of the beef. I have cooked them as long as five hours. Place hot tongue on platter, slice crosswise, and garnish with the hot vegetables. Make a sauce of the stock by adding a little flour moistened in cold water, to thicken. Lastly add 1 ten cent can of mushrooms cut fine. Serve hot in bowl."

(Mrs. Walrath, we are grateful for this suggestion. Many of our readers will add savory tongue to their file of good meat recipes. Savory tongue is easy to prepare and everyone who sampled it for us in the Test Kitchen liked it.—Mary Lee Swann.)

In the 17th Century Wolf Ham and Wolf Steak Were Considered Great Delicacies in Russia. Thousands of People Were Employed Trapping Wolves for Meat. Efforts to Raise Them Domestically for the Same Purpose Failed, However.



A FINE TREAT FOR ANY MEAL

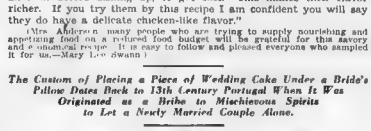
"THIS is an excellent bread recipe," writes Mrs. Roy Kress, Jr., Woodbourne, Pa. "When toasted the bread has an unusually appealing taste to the menfolk. I hope you try it for it is really excellent. I make it as follows:

1 egg
3 tablespoons dark molasses
½ teaspoon soda
½ cup sour cream
1 cup whole wheat flour
1 cup white flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
⅔ cup hot water
2 tablespoons shortening

"Beat the egg in the mixing bowl, add molasses and then sour cream with soda dissolved in it. Sift in the whole wheat and white flours along with the salt and baking powder. Add the hot water and melted shortening. Beat all together, turn into small loaf pan. Bake in a hot oven until crust is hard to touch and straw inserted in various places comes out clean. If pan was well greased, loaf should easily be removed and set on its side for cooling."

(Mrs. Kress, we are very grateful for this delicious quick bread. It is easy to make, it is excellent in flavor and suggests a pleasant way of using whole wheat flour and sour cream.—Mary Lee Swann.)

The Custom of Placing a Piece of Wedding Cake Under a Bride's Pillow Dates Back to 13th Century Portugal When It Was Originated as a Bribe to Mischievous Spirits to Let a Newly Married Couple Alone.



AN UNUSUAL MEAT AND VEGETABLE DISH

"I DO not believe that you have printed any recipes similar to this," writes Mrs. Henry Hansen, Port Clinton, Conn. "It is a hearty, nourishing dish which I believe you will like.

1 large celery root
1 small onion chopped fine
1 egg
1 cupful of water for gravy
1 pound round steak ground
Salt, pepper and sage
4 tablespoons of flour
2 tablespoons of butter
2 tablespoons of flour (for gravy)

Pare and cut the celery root into rather large pieces and boil in salted water, covered until tender. Remove the celery root to bowl and keep hot saving the liquid in the saucepan. While celery root is cooking chop onion and add to ground meat. Add seasonings, eggs and flour, mixing well and adding a cupful of water gradually. Form the mixture into balls using tablespoon and drop them into boiling liquid in which the celery root was cooked. Cook slowly about thirty minutes until done. Arrange the cooked celery root in center of hot platter and meat around the edge and keep hot, while you make gravy by rubbing together the 2 tablespoons of butter and of flour and gradually adding hot liquid in which vegetable and meat were cooked. Cook, stirring until smooth and thickened. Pour this gravy over the meat and celery root."

(Mrs. Hansen, we appreciate your kindness in sending this recipe to us. We are indebted to the Danish people for some fine recipes.—Mary Lee Swann.)

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereafter belonging to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

Watch it shine—after using Bon Ami!

You almost feel you've worked magic after cleaning the bathtub with Bon Ami. The dirt's gone, the ring's vanished—all in a *jiffy*. But here's the surprise. The porcelain *sparkles!* You see, as quick as it is, Bon Ami is *not* gritty. Instead of scratching, it polishes—*protects*—the porcelain!

"hasn't scratched yet."

Bon Ami
cleans quickly and easily

Helping Keep Yourself Fit Is Defense Work Too

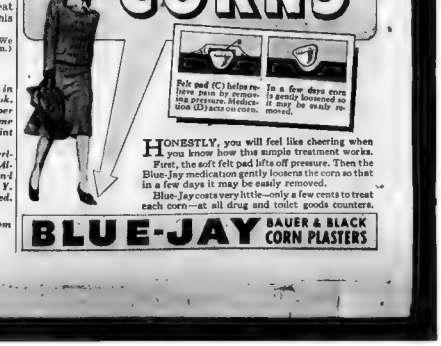
NOW MORE than ever you want to keep fit—so you can stay on the job, and help others stay on the job too. If you are deficient in *Vitamins A and D, one way to help build up your resistance against common colds and other minor winter ills is to take Scott's Emulsion. Many doctors recommend Scott's because it contains an abundance of these vital elements* long recognized for their tonic value.

Scott's Emulsion is 4 times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil. Good-tasting, economical too. Highly recommended for those convalescing from illness. All druggists.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
A Great Year-Round Tonic *For All Ages*

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, in this and other issues, offers true and intimate revelations of the loves, romances and tragedies of real people, in high places and low . . . absorbingly interesting features that are all the more impressive because they are disclosures of real, actual happenings . . . unusual details about incredible facts—all of them authentic!

WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS


Felt pad (C) helps relieve pain by removing the pressure. Medication (D) acts on corn.
In a few days corn is easily loosened so it may be easily removed.

HONESTLY, you will feel like cheering when you know how this simple treatment works.

First, the soft felt pad lifts off pressure. Then the Blue-Jay medicatom gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed.

Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and toilet goods counters.

BLUE-JAY BAUER & BLACK CORN PLASTERS

© 1941, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

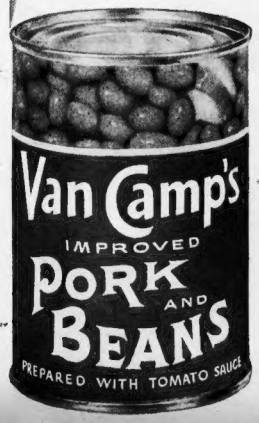
5 DELICIOUS, ECONOMICAL easy-to-prepare One dish meals

Van Camp's NEW AND IMPROVED PORK and BEANS

Van Camp's New and Improved Pork and Beans bring to the eager appetites of your family a delicious, **ready-to-heat-and-eat** dish that is a well-balanced meal in itself—rich in flavor that appeals to all and full of nourishment that restores energy for the work our country asks of us.

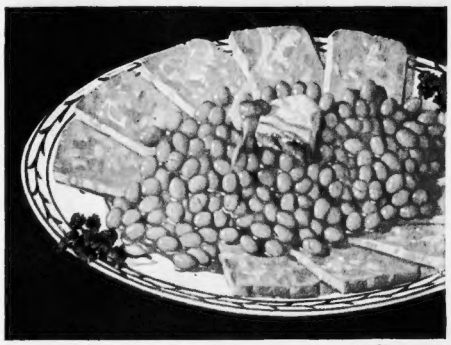
And Van Camp's Pork and Beans—with their **secret savory sauce** imparted to every choice, plump bean by Van Camp's exclusive flavor penetration method of cooking—go delightfully with so many other good foods—meats, relishes, greens, cheeses, vegetables—that they afford you many economical and appetizing variations of your menus to keep your family happily and interestingly fed.

Pictured here are a few of the many combinations of Van Camp's Pork and Beans and other good foods that you and your family and your friends will enjoy to the fullest. Look for them again at your grocer's where he is displaying these economical and satisfying one-dish meal suggestions. Try one of them, another, all of them. **Ask him for Van Camp's**—several cans; even a case of them is a wise purchase. Assure yourself more freedom from kitchen time . . . your family of interesting, varied meals . . . and all the while enjoy the healthful nourishment . . . the superb flavor of Van Camp's New and Improved Pork and Beans.

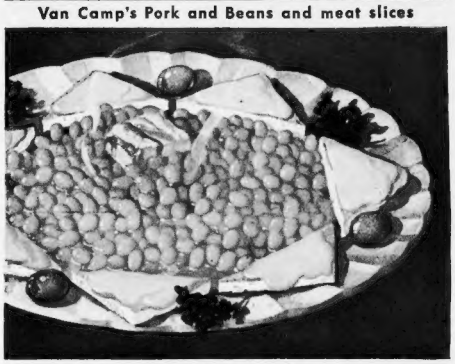


"A FEAST-FOR-THE-LEAST"

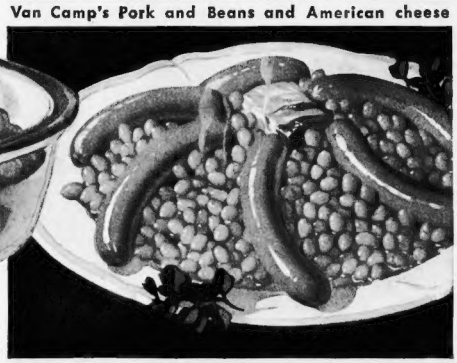
Van Camp's



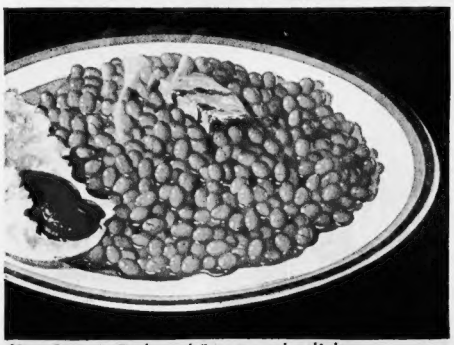
Van Camp's Pork and Beans and meat slices



Van Camp's Pork and Beans and American cheese



Van Camp's Pork and Beans and frankfurters



Van Camp's Pork and Beans and relish—
chili sauce or catsup

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

Your stomach needs coddling when it's upset. Don't aggravate it with overdoses of antacids or drastic purges! Take pleasant PEPTO-BISMOL to help calm its distress, and soothe irritated intestinal walls.

Pepto-Bismol isn't an antacid — isn't a laxative. It works in a different way to help relieve stomach upsets caused by over-indulgence, change of diet, nervous, hasty eating, or bad combinations of food. Get a bottle today! *At all druggists.*

Pepto-Bismol

By the Makers of *Dinguanine

Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Good Meals On Small Budgets

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

NO nation achieves total strength unless ALL of its citizens are well fed.

In an important analysis of family diets issued in June, 1941, by the Bureau of Home Economics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, it was there pointed out that "Only about one-fourth of American families had diets which could be rated as good; while more than one-third had diets classed as fair; and another third had diets which were poor."

These families are from every walk of life. Eating below what we may call the "safety-line of health" means that, without actual illness traceable to such poor diets, there is lowered resistance to infections, colds, influenza; that on such inadequate diets a child is prevented from making a normal, progressive growth; that the person's feeling of well-being is destroyed, and capacity for competent work lessened.

"But how can I afford such 'good diets' for my family, when I can spend only $12 a week (or even $16 or $18), and have 4 in the family (or even 6) to feed?"

This is the cry of home-makers the country over, who today, as with thousands of us in the average family, are facing the increased costs of living with not a cent more to live on than we had a year ago.

Some problem! But it can be solved if the home-maker thinks of food-purchasing and meal-planning as her defense job, right now, and makes the kitchen the scene of her defense action.

IT IS cheering to learn of the practical experience and experiment carried on a few weeks ago by a family living in a large city in New Jersey, who faced exactly this problem. There were 6 persons in this typical family, father, mother, a high school miss of 17, a girl of 15, a brother aged 13, and the 11-year-old housewifely daughter who greatly aided her mother in this experiment.

All are hearty eaters: two must carry a lunch to school; each had his particular food likes and dislikes—one didn't like canned fish, another thought no meal complete without meat. And they had just so much for a food budget.

For a full week the mother shopped skillfully and thriftily, being aided by the young nutritionist who planned the "good" diets which each member of the family should eat to achieve his share of "optimum health." The week's meals included breakfast, snacks, lunch and dinner.

The menus used were "balanced" from every angle—so much protein, so much starch, so much vitamin, etc.—so much protective foods in each class, according to the age of the person and his daily activity. Merchandise was bought locally, in the usual stores and in the usual shopping fashion.

"I fed my family of 6 on $15.92 for a week," proudly announced the mother in the case, "and they all said they were satisfied, enjoyed the meals, and feel fine. Best of all, I know that these menus were scientific, or, as the young nutritionist says, 'above the safety-line of health,' and I am glad that I took the trouble to follow her advice. I attend a local nutrition class every week, and I am going to continue trying to do my defense work here at home, and keep my family in health."

OF WHAT did this week's meals consist, and what were some of the chief points brought out in this unusual home test-feeding experiment? Here are the chief economies:

(1) Use inexpensive cuts of meat, but meat of good quality.

(2) Use only those vegetables and fruits which are most seasonable and cheapest.

(3) Buy canned and packaged goods in quantity or bulk.

(4) Substitute low-cost foods for more expensive foods of the same nutritive values.

(5) WASTE NOTHING!

(6) Avoid buying food frills.

The first economy—inexpensive cuts of good meat—is familiar to us all. But still, many shoppers refuse to believe that calf's liver, for instance, is no better than beef liver as used in these tests, where it was proved delicious, tender and flavorful, at almost half the price of calf liver.

Whatever the "run" of that day's fish is cheapest is another suggestion — not merely having some preference for a certain fish, and buying that, refusing other and much less expensive fish on that market day. The same point holds with vegetables and fruits—do not start your menu with any preconceived definite vegetable, but choose what is best, that day, in your store, of the same class. Thus, if string-beans are dear, buy spinach, kale, cabbage, leeks or similar green vegetables.

Thus, learn to substitute equivalent value foods, choosing the cheaper.

But buying "cheapest" does not necessarily mean poor quality. For there is nothing more wasteful than to "buy cheap," and then find that the broccoli is yellow, the lettuce wilted, the tomato squashy or unflavorful, or the berries moldy.

In this New Jersey family experiment, all the usually wasted outer leaves of lettuce, the coarse parts of many vegetables, etc., were washed, cleaned, chopped, and then simmered as a vegetable broth and flavored with a bouillon cube. NOTHING WAS WASTED.

Now, what are food frills? In making out a weekly menu, based on nutritive values first and on family taste last, it is easy to see where many food frills can eat into the budget.

Let us begin with loaf bread, the staple on the table every day. It generally divides into 20 slices, and, let us say, costs 10 cents. Compared to bakers' buns, or similar more individualized bread forms, at approximately 6 rolls or buns for 10 cents, we see that these latter can truly be classed as "frills" on a low budget. Many other small items fall into the same class. However, buns and rolls made at home are "good budgeting."

The protective foods, milk and eggs, must also be mentioned here. In this family's diet, 4 quarts of milk per day, and 4½ additional cans of evaporated milk, were used in the week's menus. If this seems to make too big a dent in the budget, then buy dried milk powder, more evaporated milk, some condensed milk to use in cooked dishes, but **don't skimp milk.**

Two and one-half dozen eggs were used that week, either as plain scrambled eggs, or in cooked foods. When eggs are inexpensive, they, of course, are cheap meat equivalents. Beans, lentils and cheese are other meat substitutes which, when prepared in well-seasoned forms, are main dishes in any meal.

To Those Interested—

The American Weekly will be glad to send the detailed menus by which the New Jersey family provided, for $15.92, balanced and delicious meals for one week.

Send a self-addressed and stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, The American Weekly, 235 E. 45th St., New York City.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

The American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3426—A new star in the cotton field . . . this young back-buttoned frock with the round front yoke and waist girdle; a pert cap-sleeve or a soft puff sleeve. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.

Pattern 3371—Join the Spring parade of fashion in this jacket ensemble—so smart with its simple, easy-to-sew lines. Designed for women's sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36, dress, requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric; jacket, 1¾ yards.

Pattern 3427—It's fun to play in this darling jumper and its crisp blouse that Mother made in a jiffy! Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, jumper, requires 1⅞ yards 35-inch fabric and blouse, ⅞ yard.

Pattern 3428—The gayest of sheets and pillow cases are yours for a bit of fascinating cross stitch! And the lovely shaded rose design is effective on scarfs, too—with or without the lace edging. Pattern 3428 contains a transfer pattern of a 6x21 and two 6x13 inch motifs; illustrations of stitches; material requirements.

PRICE OF EACH PATTERN 15c (Plus One Cent to Cover Cost of Mailing.)

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for each pattern.

A fashion page for every age in the exciting new American Weekly pattern leaflet! Eight pages of smart, easy-to-sew styles for tots, twester, miss and matron. Send three cents and this sewing success story is yours.

Address all orders to:

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 633 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Old Wild West

(Continued from Page 16)

talk with whites and make peace."

"Too late," the Indian grunted. As the unarmed major stood before him with his arms in the air the Indian pulled back the thong of his bow and sent an arrow tearing into Ormsby's body. The major fell to the ground, gasping his last.

One of the heroes of the one-sided battle rushed to Ormsby's aid. He fired at the Indian but missed. Others swarmed down on him and shot him while he was trying to get back on his horse.

The pursuing Indians kept up the slaughter for ten or twelve miles along the back trail until darkness covered the fleeing men. That was the only thing that saved any of the whites.

When the Battle of Pyramid Lake was over forty-six bodies were strung out along the bloody trail. They were all white men. There wasn't a single Indian killed.

Well, that blot had to be rubbed out. California and Nevada joined forces. A well-organized expedition, commanded by Colonel John Hays, took the field a few weeks later. He had about 750 men, some regulars, some volunteers. They could follow the way by the bodies they found. They buried what the coyotes had left.

The Indians still were camped at Pyramid Lake, at the mouth of the Truckee River. An advance detachment lured the Indians, about 600 of them, into battle with the main force by an orderly retreat.

I reckon the Indians thought they were going to make another killing. But this time it was different. More than 150 Piutes were killed, a lot more wounded. The whites lost some men in the fight, too, but it gave the Piutes a pretty good lesson. They kept away from the settlements for a long while.

Next week I'll tell you about one of the West's most famous battle cries—"Men, do your duty!"—used by the Virginia City Vigilantes when they cleaned up Henry Plummer's gang of "Innocents"; and how some of the fellows I knew tangled with the law of the rope and came off second best.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

IT'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S DISCOVERY!
YOU CAN'T BUY ANOTHER SOAP QUITE LIKE IT!

DUZ does Everything!

—ALL 3 KINDS OF WASH!

1— GRIMY TOWELS — DUZ DOES 'EM REALLY WHITE!

2— DIRTY OVERALLS— DUZ GETS 'EM CLEAN EASY!

3 —YET THIS SAME SOAP IS REALLY SAFE— EVEN FOR PRETTY RAYON UNDIES!

DUZ SAFE SUDS! WHITER WASHES!

TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

WONDERFULLY SNEEZE-FREE! WONDERFUL FOR DISHES, TOO!

MUST YOUR DAUGHTER RISK HAPPY MARRIAGE ON HALF-TRUTHS?

Many a mother herself, reared in an atmosphere of false modesty, dreads the day when she must "tell her daughter." Too often, she fails to tell her at all. As a result, she learns "half-truths" from others. Little wonder so many young wives unknowingly risk their very happiness by using over-strong solutions of acids for the douche which can actually burn, scar and even desensitize delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Science has given womankind a safe—yet amazingly powerful—liquid for the douche, Zonite. So powerful is Zonite, it kills instantly all germs and bacteria with which it comes in contact. Deodorizes—by actually destroying odors, leaving no telltale odor of its own. Protects personal daintiness. Yet! Zonite is non-caustic, non-poisonous, safe for delicate tissues. Over 20,000,000 bottles already bought. For modern hygienic protection you may never have known before, get Zonite at your druggist today.

Free Book Tells Intimate Facts

Get frankly written booklet "Feminine Hygiene Today" mailed FREE, in plain wrapper. Write: Zonite, Dept. 550G, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Proves Wonderful For Itching Skin

To soothe itching, burning skin, apply medicated liquid ZEMO—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years continuous success! For ringworm symptoms, eczema, athlete's foot or blemishes due to external cause, apply ZEMO freely. Soon the discomfort should disappear. Over 25,000,000 packages sold. One trial convinces. Only 35¢. Also 60¢ and $1.00.

→ZEMO

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY'S informative articles—and its absolutely unique manner of presenting them—give this publication a place all its own in the world of magazines...No other periodical offers such a diversity of reading-matter as appears in this and other issues of The American Weekly.

Look out for a COLD!

GARGLE

LISTERINE—*Quick!*

IF you've been out late and are tired out—then go from a hot room to a cold street . . . if you get in a draft or came close to people who have colds, *gargle full strength Listerine when you reach home.*

Sudden temperature changes, drafts, late hours, with accompanying fatigue, may lower body resistance so that germs already in the throat can invade the tissue and set up or aggravate infection.

Used promptly and regularly, Listerine Antiseptic may head off this infection by killing literally millions of these menacing invaders, known as "secondary invaders," on mouth and throat surfaces. (See panel at right.)

Don't forget this amazing truth: *In tests made during 10 years of research, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic actually had fewer colds, shorter colds and milder colds than those who did not gargle with it.*

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted, and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

©1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

All 6 for Only 10¢

PETUNIAS—2X Varieties
Great combination of colors, nothing offered like it. **15 Hybrid kinds**, all different colors; **5 Fringed and 6 Giant Ruffled**, all different, **25 Colors** in a **Mixture**.
Pkt. Over 300 Seeds

Annual BLUE CAPS
Plants 6 to 8 in. tall covered with rich blue flowers all summer. Will make a blue ribbon border and is fine for indoor pot plants.
Pkt. Over 300 Seeds

Annual POINSETTIA
Plants about 2 ft. tall, resemble Hy. Brons variety, top leaves turn scarlet in mid-summer.
Pkt. Over 300 Seeds

Annual CARPET OF SNOW
Quick growing free flowering plants about 6 in. tall, make a solid mass of white all summer.
Pkt. Over 300 Seeds

ZINNIA—Red Riding Hood
Bushy plants about 1 ft. tall covered all summer with luminous double scarlet flowers about 3in. across, fine for cutting and decoration.
Pkt. Over 40 Seeds

FAIRY FOXGLOVE
Annual, beginning to bloom about 5 weeks from seed. Dainty flowers in great variety distinct shades and colors resembling Sweet Peas.
Pkt. Over 200 Seeds

To introduce our **SEEDS** we mail **all 6 Pkts.**, one of each for **10c—or 3 Pkts.** each, **18 Pkts. 25c.**
MILLS 1942 Seed Book is included **FREE**. **Hundreds Specialties** and **New FLOWERS, 22c** to collect. Our **Seeds are Tested** and **Guaranteed. Special Discounts** this year, *your 11th year.*
F. B. MILLS Seed Grower, Box 74, ROSE HILL, N.Y.

SHOW YOUR COLORS with NEW Patriotic Car and Window Stickers

★ GET these striking AMERICAN slogans in full patriotic colors. Tell the world how you feel. Help Win the War . . . .

Remember Pearl Harbor
★
"Keep 'Em Flying"
★
"Buy Defense Bonds"
Mail coupon with coin or stamps

ALL 3 for only 10¢

AMERICAN LABEL CO.
513 S. Peoria St., Chicago.

Name .....

Address .....

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

VEGETABLE NUTRITION

Dear Almanack:

In this present day of vitamin popularity, it is always a gratification to me to know that all my life I have been saving that precious ingredient in the way of preparing vegetables, handed down to me by my mother. I am an old woman myself now, but I still prepare meals that are very palatable and economical. I have never wasted so much as a crumb of bread, even in the days when I did not need to skimp on anything. This is the way I prepare most all of my vegetables:

Brown 1 or 2 onions, finely minced, in butter or drippings saved from bacon, sausage meat, etc. To this I add the vegetable; cabbage shredded or coarsely cut. Carrots cut any way that suits my fancy, sometimes in long shreds, round, chunks or just leave them whole if they are small. String beans are just too delicious this way. I slice them lengthwise or leave them whole. Use enough water to cover and let it boil in the vegetables until just a little juice is left. When done I season with just salt and pepper, and for a diversion I sprinkle a little flour over all just before serving. I also have not known any of my family disliking spinach and the everlasting spinach jokes always surprise me. After it has been boiled and chopped I proceed in the same above way, only, of course, leaving out the water. Fresh peas I cook differently, using only water to cook them in and only enough so I do not have to throw any of it away, then I season with butter, salt and a little pepper.

I do not know why I am writing all of this to you, but I see so many people parboiling vegetables and throwing away the most valuable parts of nutrition and knowing that your paper is widely read, I think a reminder like the above would prove of value to the health of the nation.

Mrs. Frank Couche
Marathon City, Wis.

(Mrs. Couche, your suggestions for the preparation of vegetables to preserve their nutritive value is most welcome.—The Editor.)

Almanack Echoes

FOR all letters printed in this column **The American Weekly will pay $1. A prize winning recipe is awarded $5, the same as on the Almanack page. Be sure to write your name and address plainly and use one side of the paper only.**

The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

What are some of the other Almanackers doing in this respect?

Mrs. E. H. Johnson,
New York City.

(A timely question, Mrs. Johnson. Almanackers are also using honey, maple syrup and . . . but perhaps some of them will tell you themselves. Below is one suggestion by Mrs. Geo. Maury, Buffalo, N. Y.—The Editor.)

* * *

Take a small amount of egg white, beat slightly with a fork till frothy and spread on any kind of cake. Sprinkle with a little granulated sugar as soon as taking cake from oven. Makes a nice glaze, uses less sugar.

SUGAR SUBSTITUTES

Dear Almanack:

To conserve sugar, I am using more molasses, raisins, currants and dried fruits in my recipes.

ALMANACK RECIPES FOR EVERY MEAL

Enjoy your menu worries with the pick of prize winning Almanack recipes handy chart form containing dozens of helpful suggestions for every meal of the week.

Take largest saving casserole dishes with the aid of "18 Almanack Casserole Recipes."

Prepare your potatoes differently with the help of "21 Almanack Potato Recipes." Consult the "15 Favorite Bread and Roll Recipes" for timely breadstuff suggestions. In fact you'll delight in using all of the popular Almanack charts which will be sent on receipt of a 1-cent stamp for each. Write your name and address plainly. The various list of charts include:

18 Almanack Casserole Recipes	18 Almanack Cookie Recipes
3 Almanack Potato Recipes	21 New England Recipes
3 Popular Salad Recipes	17 Favorite Pie Recipes
3 Almanack Candy Recipes	16 Favorite Cake Recipes
3 Favorite Almanack Recipes	15 Favorite Bread & Roll Recipes
Highlights of Cooking History	22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
Recipes for Successful Picnics	22 Almanack Preserves Recipes
Favorite Mexican Recipes	20 Delicious Vegetable Recipes

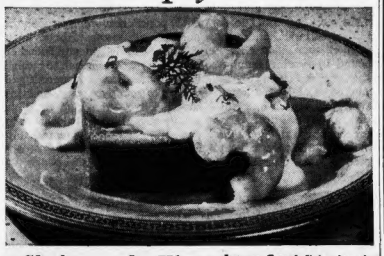
ALMANACK RECIPES DEPT., THE AMERICAN WEEKLY,
959 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Prunes with Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Spiced Apple Muffins, Milk or Coffee.	Bananas or Rhubarb, Whole Grain Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, French Toast, Wild Plum Jelly, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Toasted Crisp Rye Wafers, Blackberry Jam, Coffee.	White Grapejuice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Kippered Herring, Toast, Coffee.	Cranberry Juice, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Bacon, Corn Puffs, Milk or Coffee.	Broiled Grapefruit or Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Buckwheat Yeast Cakes, Syrup or Honey, Coffee.
Luncheon Noodle Ring with Creamed Cheese, Cabbage and Lettuce Salad, Chicken Liver Dressing, Three-Egg Devil's Food Cake, Chocolate Icing, Tea.	*Luncheon* Savory Baked Beans, Brown Bread, Cole Slaw, Crisp Rye Wafers, Buttered Lemon Buns, Fruit Gelatin with Cream, Tea with Lemon.	*Luncheon* Acorn Squash with Sausage, Ten-Minute Cabbage, Indian Muffins, Economy Prune Betty, Tea.	*Luncheon* Asparagus, Cheese Sauce, Stewed Tomatoes, Ice-Box Rolls, Banana Trifle, Hot Cocoa.	*Luncheon* Baked Bean Soup or Cream of Onion Soup, Rye Toast, Fruit and Nut Salad, Popovers with Hard Sauce, Tea.	*Luncheon (Company)* Tomato Bouillon, Pork or Chicken Terrapin on Waffles, Southern Spiced Figs or Peaches, Mixed Green Salad, Chives Dressing, Pineapple Smash, Hot Three-Egg Chocolate Cup-Cakes.	*Dinner* Broiled Cube Steaks or Baked Ham, Whipped Sweet Potatoes, Buttered Chard or Spinach, Green Beans, Old-Fashioned Mustard Pickles, Cress, Chicory, Escarole and Endive Salad, Orange Gelatin, Chocolate Whipped Cream, Coffee.
Dinner Grapejuice Cocktail, Stuffed Lamb Chops, Baked Potatoes, Buttered Broccoli, Canton Sherbet, Cookies.	*Dinner* Lamb Stew with Paprika Dumplings, Pineapple Mint Jelly, Green Beans, Lettuce and Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise, Swedish Blueberry Blancmange.	*Dinner* Economy Tomato Consomme with Cracker Balls, Boiled Brisket of Beef, Steamed Potatoes, Baby Beets, Mixed Green Salad, Curry Dressing, Fruit Whip, Cookies.	*Dinner* Spaghetti and Meat Sauce or Left-Over-Meat Pie with Biscuit Crust, Radishes, Celery, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Mayonnaise, Apricot Tapioca.	*Dinner* Hors d'Oeuvres, Baked Fish with Oyster Stuffing, Potatoes, Green Peas, Celery Relish, Cucumber and Lettuce Salad, Lime Snow with Orange Cup-Cakes, Cocoa.	*Supper (Company)* Hot Tomato Juice, Tongue Salad Roll, Cole Slaw, Applesauce, Sour Milk Gingerbread.	

It's Shrimp-ly Delicious!



Shrimp a la King
with the deep-sea flavor of
CANNED SHRIMP

CANNED SHRIMP ARE RICH IN VITAL FOOD VALUES!

Just use Canned Shrimp instead of chicken for a new food thrill! Canned Shrimp comes already cooked, peeled, ready to use. Their tangy deep-sea flavor makes any meal a feast. Keep some handy always. Send for FREE Shrimp Recipe Cards. Use Coupon.

Canned Shrimp Nutrition Score	
VITAMIN A	PROTEINS
VITAMIN D	IODINE
MINERALS: Calcium, Iron, Copper	

Shrimp packed in cans or in glass by members of Shrimp Canners National Advertising Association are officially inspected by U. S. Food & Drug Administration, insuring you pure food.

FREE! SHRIMP RECIPE CARDS

SHRIMP CANNERS NATIONAL ADVERTISING ASSN.
Dept. AW 15, Boiler Building, New Orleans, Louisiana
Send FREE Canned Shrimp recipes on handy illustrated cards, describing exciting ways to enjoy wholesome canned shrimp.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Almanack Hints

HOSE

Before I discard my worn out silk hose I pull out some of the threads and wrap them on a spool then whenever I want to mend any hose I use this thread, it saves buying thread and makes the mended place look better.

Mrs. H. M. Zeiner,
Hope, Kansas.

* * *

COLLECTOR

When doing house cleaning try pinning a paper bag onto your apron to gather up bits of paper, empty ash trays, etc. Also one for your dust cloth and damp rag. It saves a lot of walking back and forth.

Mrs. H. Jenkins,
Compton, Calif.

* * *

TELEPHONE

Every month we had telephone trouble. Always overcalls. Nobody used the phone. So I got an idea. I bought a toy cash register, placed it beside the phone. Everyone took the hint. There is very little cheating now as one watches the other, it's like a game. Not so many overcalls either.

Mrs. Teresa Arnold,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

LINING

I hate to change papers in dresser drawers when I clean them. So I buy a pretty pattern of oilcloth and glue it in the drawer. All I have to do is wipe the oilcloth with a damp cloth.

Mrs. I. Shapiro,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

TIDY

Here is my equipment for a tidy sewing basket: A bunch of small bottles, preferably those small round ones, in which I keep hooks and eyes, snaps, needles, pins, buttons and other small findings. It's easy to see what you have and the sewing basket always is tidy.

Mrs. Mamie Voss,
Hoskins, Nebraska.

* * *

SUBSTITUTE

We have found that when making fancy breads and buns which call for citron, which is so expensive, dried apricots, washed and chopped fine, make a most pleasing substitute for part or all of the citron, in fact we are really partial to the dried apricot flavor.

Mrs. Bessie Wise,
Chambersburg, Pa.

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address: ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York.

Stout Women— DISGUISE Your Size

SIZES 36 to 56 BUST

$1.59 $2.98

SEND FOR THIS **FREE** STYLE BOOK

DISGUISE your size—LOOK LESS stout. Our Style Book shows you how and we'll send it to you FREE. Its hundreds of smart styles are cleverly designed to subdue your curves, to slim your bust, waist and hips, and to make you look younger and *definitely* more charming.

And our values are amazing. For example, the dress at far left is a Lane Bryant model priced only $2.98. And the other dress of Spun All-Rayon is only $2.98. Other dresses, $1.59 to $16.95. Coats as low as $4.95. Also hats, hose, shoes, underwear, blankets, curtains and bedspreads—all priced proportionately LOW.

Send coupon below for your FREE copy of our Style Book. Please mail it to our new address at Indianapolis, Indiana.

LANE BRYANT, Department 14
1702 East Market St., Indianapolis, Indiana.
Mail me free Style Book for stout women.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....
☐ Check here if you wish to receive also our latest Style Book for Expectant Mothers

NOW AT LANE BRYANT
152 East Market Street INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
ADDRESS Dept. 44

TICK! TOCK! LADY... TIME TO GET WISE!

SHE'S DUE FOR A SURPRISE! THINKS ONLY STRONG, HARD-ON-HANDS PACKAGE SOAPS DO SPEEDY DISHWASHING. SHOW HER, NEW IVORY...!
HIGH TIME YOU DID something to avoid "strong-soap" hands! Just try improved Ivory Soap! Why, even in hard water you'll see heavy "velvet suds" pile up with just a swish-Swish-SWISH!...
SUR-PRISE! NEW IVORY'S "VELVET SUDS" DO CLEAN DISHES FAST AS STRONGEST PACKAGE SOAPS! CHECK ME, LADY—I'M TELLING YOU...!
LOOK AT THOSE DISHES come clean in no time at all! You don't lose a minute with "velvet suds"! All done already! Now off with that apron—and off to that movie!...
I'M JEALOUS! HERE I SHOWED HER HOW TO MAKE HER HANDS IVORY-SMOOTH AND SHE GETS ALL OF HUBBY'S PRAISE!
SEE HOW YOUR HANDS improve—within 12 days after changing to New Ivory. Correct "strong-soap" redness and roughness with New Ivory's extreme mildness. It's actually milder than 10 leading toilet soaps. Get several bars—for economy's sake—right away!

SPEED DISHWASHING... NO RISK OF "STRONG-SOAP" HANDS!

NEW VELVET-SUDS IVORY SOAP 99 44/100% PURE

TELEGRAMS NOS. U. S. PAT. OFF. • IVORY IS A BUBBLE

AUNT JENNY SAYS—

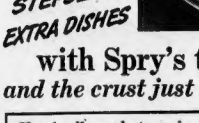
Here's the EASIEST way I know to get TENDER, FLAKY crust

TRY THIS LUSCIOUS **CHOCOLATE CHIP PIE** SEE HOW SIMPLE!

NO EXTRA STEPS—NO EXTRA DISHES

with Spry's tested 2-step way
and the crust just melts in your mouth

Here's all you do to make the Pie Shell



Mix 1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Measure out 7 tablespoons Spry and divide into two equal parts.

STEP 1 for tenderness—Cut in first half of Spry until fine as meal. This makes the crust *tender*.

STEP 2 for flakiness—Cut in rest of Spry until particles are size of large peas. Makes crust *flaky*.

Add 3 tablespoons cold water (no more, no less) mixing thoroughly into a dough. Roll ⅛ inch thick and prick with fork. Fit into 9-inch pie tin and make fluted rim. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

Spry's a *FLAVOR-SAVER*, too

No off-flavor crust with pure Spry to smother the taste of this marvelous pie. Spry crust is so delicate and nut-sweet that you get the FULL flavory goodness of the filling. Use Spry for *all* pastry, for FULL FLAVOR cakes and fried foods, too. Taste the difference.

and now the filling for Chocolate Chip Pie

2 cups milk
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons cornstarch
⅓ cup sugar
¾ teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 ounce (1 square) semi-sweet or bitter-sweet chocolate, cut in pieces
1 baked Spry Pie Shell

Scald milk in top of double boiler. Combine flour, cornstarch, sugar, and salt and mix thoroughly. Add to scalded milk and cook until thick and smooth, then cook 15 minutes longer, stirring frequently. Stir a small amount of mixture into egg yolks, return to double boiler, and cook a few minutes longer. Cool and add vanilla. When filling is cold, add ¾ of chocolate. Pour filling into baked pie shell.

Meringue

2 egg whites
4 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add vanilla and remaining chocolate. Pile lightly on filling. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) 25 to 30 minutes, or until firm and delicately browned.

© 1942, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

A Great Publishing Achievement

COMPLETE *Illustrated* REFERENCE BIBLE

WORLD MASTER-ART EDITION

CONDENSED BIBLE COMMENTARY

BIBLICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA

BIBLE READER'S AIDS

GENUINE LEATHER 22K Gold Edges

For Study and Family Use

Including a Gallery of the World's Masterpieces of Biblical Art, Superbly Reproduced AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE!

NOW, at last, you can own a truly complete reference Bible—a Bible that is remarkable not only for the completeness of its Biblical information, but also for its lavish and colorful reproductions of the world's most renowned religious paintings. It is the Bible used by Ministers and religious teachers everywhere . . . replete with all of the Biblical knowledge that has been accumulated in the centuries since the Bible was written . . . packed with extra information that will enable *you* to understand and appreciate the Bible as never before. It has *all* the special features you would expect in a $10 Bible. Yet its price to you is little more than half of that amount.

A MAGNIFICENT EASTER GIFT

The World Master-Art Edition is one of the most beautiful Bibles ever published—a large, handsome Bible, of more than 1800 pages, richly bound in flexible genuine leather, divinity circuit (overlapping edges). It's a red-letter edition, fully thumb-indexed. Front and backbone are stamped in red and genuine gold leaf; 22K gold edges; printed in large, clear, Bourgeois type on a fine grade of special Bible paper; reinforcing headbands and two silk marker ribbons . . . a gift that will delight any friend or relative fortunate enough to receive it . . . a possession you yourself will cherish to your dying day. And this superb Bible—the kind of Bible you've always hoped to own—can be yours—now—at the remarkably low price of only $6.95—in six convenient payments.

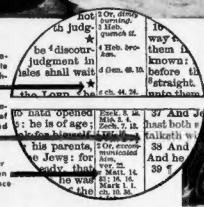
AUTHORIZED KING JAMES VERSION

MARY MEETS ELISABETH *by Domenico Ghirlandaio*—Luke 1:42,43

DAVID AND ABISHAI *by Konrad Witz*—I Samuel 26:8

THE LAST SUPPER *by Juan de Juanes*—Matthew 26: 20, 21

The illustrations on this page are three of the many (64) rare masterpieces reproduced in the WORLD MASTER-ART EDITION of the Holy Bible.


In the Old Testament, stars indicate Messianic prophecies.
In the New Testament, the words of Christ are printed in red.
Center Column Reference

More Than 525 Pages of Valuable Supplements

- Biblical Encyclopedia and Concordance
- Condensed Bible Commentary
- Center Column Reference
- Table of Weights, Money and Measures
- Bible Study Helps
- History Of The Period Between Old And New Testament
- Jewish Sects & Their Beliefs
- Proving The Old Testament
- Outline For Sunday School Teachers' Use Of The Bible
- The Christian Worker & The Bible
- Calendar For Daily Scriptural Reading
- Biblical Time Divisions
- Harmony Of The Gospels
- Parables & Miracles Of The Bible
- Lord's Prayer Analyzed
- Reference Bibliography
- Presentation Page in Color
- 4-Page Family Register in Color
- 32 Monotone Illustrations
- 32 Full Color Illustrations
- 16 Full Color Maps

A WORLD BIBLE

A Unique Opportunity

To Gain Comfort, Guidance and Knowledge In These Troubled Times

IN these days of stress and turmoil, people everywhere . . . young and old . . . rich and poor . . . are turning to the Bible as never before. Above the roar of guns, the rich spiritual inspiration of the Bible lends sorely needed strength in "times that try men's souls."

The Bible provides a welcome haven of peace in a world at war; it offers comfort to the afflicted and the bereaved, it guides the confused and the bewildered with a sure and gentle hand.

Courage . . . determination . . . devotion to duty—the Bible is an unending source of all these virtues, so essential in time of war. No home should be without a Bible; no family can fulfill its true function unless the Bible is always close at hand.

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail the coupon below. Send NO money . . . Pay nothing to the postman. When your Bible arrives, examine it—show it to your friends. It must meet your expectations completely or you may return it within 5 days without obligation. When you have decided to keep it, send only $1.95 plus 11c postage and insurance, and pay the balance $1 a month for 5 months. This offer is for a limited time only—mail the coupon today and avoid disappointment.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio, Dept. AW-2

Please send me the World Master-Art Edition of the COMPLETE REFERENCE BIBLE. I understand that I may examine it without obligation for 5 days. At the end of that time I will either return the Bible or send you $1.95 plus 11c postage and insurance (total, $2.06), and pay the $5 balance at the rate of $1.00 per month.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

☐ **Check here if you prefer to enclose the entire $6.95 with this coupon, in which case you pay no postage charges whatsoever. Your 5-day return privilege still applies, of course.**

64 WORLD-FAMOUS ILLUSTRATIONS

32 in Full Color • 32 in Monotone

Reproductions of the greatest paintings in religious art (as reproduced on this page)—32 in all the glory of their original glowing color . . . 32 in superb monotone—including the works of such masters as:

RUBENS	RAPHAEL
VAN DYCK	BREUGHEL
EL GRECO	VAN LEYDEN
TITIAN	VECCHIO
TINTORETTO	CASTIGLIONE
CORREGGIO	BOTTICELLI

and many others

16 FULL-COLOR MAPS

Presentation Page and 4-Page Family Register Colorfully Decorated